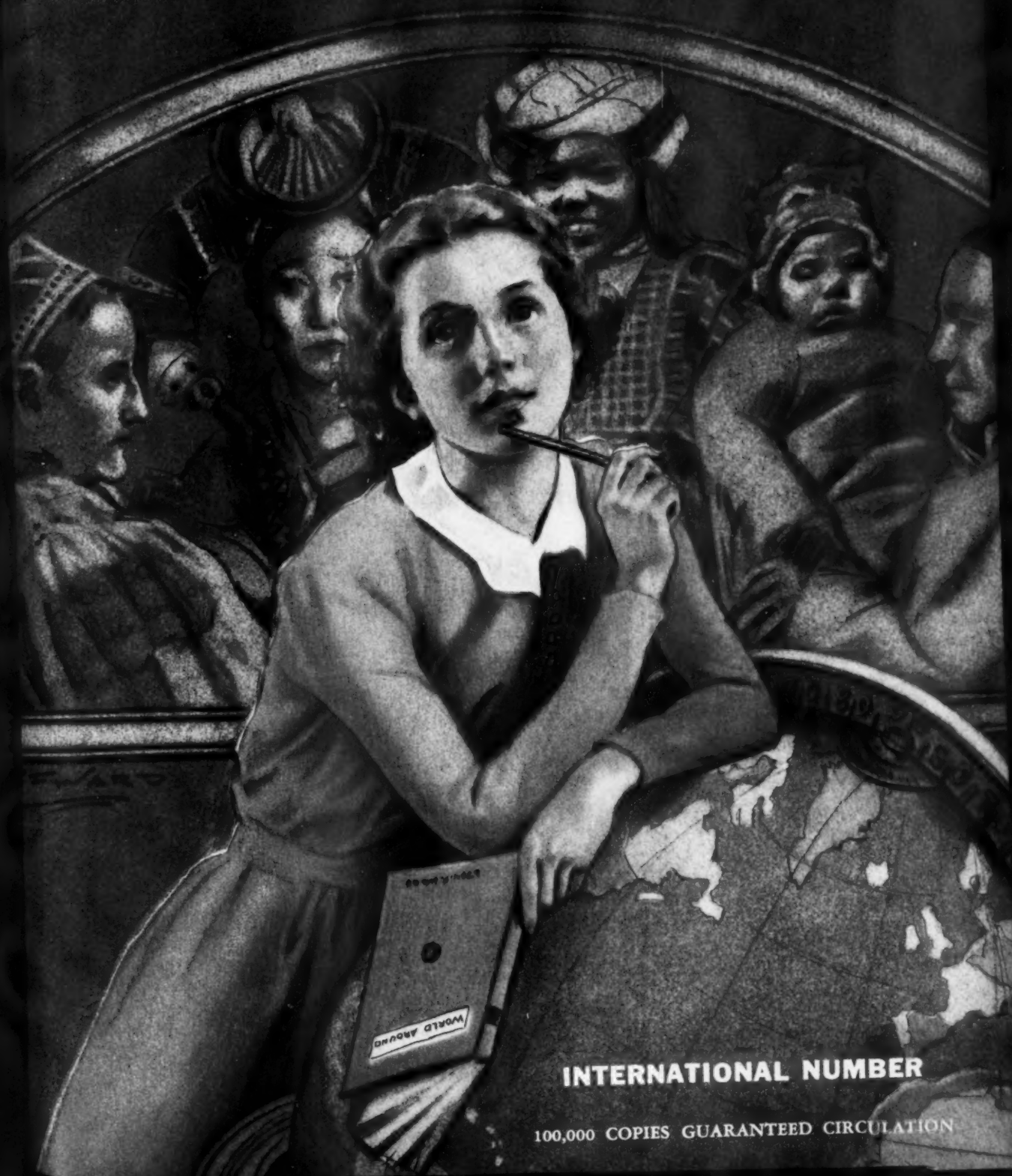


# *The* American Girl

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FEBRUARY For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1937



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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

## CONTENTS for FEBRUARY, 1937

Cover Design . . . . .	Edmund F. Ward
Rosemary in Costume—From a painting by F. Luis Mora . . . . .	Page 4

### STORIES

The Lost Sheep— <i>Nora Burglon</i> . Illustrated by F. Luis Mora . . . . .	8
High Tide in Normandy— <i>Katharine O. Wright</i> . Illustrated by Frank Dobias . . . . .	11
The House by the Road, Part I— <i>Josephine Daskam Bacon</i> . Illustrated by Harvé Stein . . . . .	17
Marianne— <i>Helen Coale Crew</i> . Illustrated by S. Wendell Campbell . . . . .	20
The Treasure of Castle Sonnenberg— <i>Catherine Cate Coblenz</i> . Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley . . . . .	23

### ARTICLES

Zapotec Wedding— <i>Emma-Lindsay Squier</i> . Illustrated with photographs by John Bransby . . . . .	5
A Bird Group for the Museum— <i>Florence Page Jaques</i> . Illustrated with photographs, and a painting by Lee Jaques . . . . .	14
Give a Ski Party— <i>Anna Coyle</i> . Illustrated with a photograph . . . . .	32
Make a Tyrolean Jacket— <i>Anna Coyle</i> . Illustrated with a photograph and diagrams . . . . .	38

### POEM

Names— <i>Leona Ames Hill</i> . . . . .	22
As Far as the Four Corners of the Earth . . . . .	26
In Other Lands and Places . . . . .	28

### DEPARTMENTS

Nutcracker Suite, II— <i>Orson Lowell</i> . . . . .	30
In Step With the Times— <i>Latrobe Carroll</i> . . . . .	36
Something New From Something Old — <i>Elizabeth Anthony</i> . . . . .	45
Laugh and Grow Scout . . . . .	47

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ROSEMARY IN COSTUME *Painted by F. LUIS MORA*



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

FEBRUARY • 1937

*An eye-witness account of an Indian wedding ceremony in southern Mexico where the bridegroom steals his bride*

## ZAPOTEC WEDDING



RESTLESS COCO PALMS BLOW IN THE STEADY WIND THAT SWEEPS ACROSS THE WIDE ACRES OF CHIVELA

I AM going to tell you about the strangest wedding I ever attended. The bridegroom carried off his sweetheart, there was a *fiesta* that lasted for three days and nights—and I gave the bride the gift she wanted most, a pair of shoes!

All of this took place at Chivela, a large *hacienda* owned by friends of ours, in the southern part of Mexico, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. (Pronounced Tey-wahn-teh-peck.) And when I say "large," I mean LARGE! There are one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres in Chivela, and some twenty Indian villages scattered about the great area, with the natives speaking various dialects. A horseback survey of the property as a whole would take a full eight days.

Chivela would be a romantic spot even without a wedding. For this was one of the grants of land given to Hernando Cortes, conqueror of Mexico, by the King of Spain in 1530, and the rambling, tile-roofed house was built by the great conqueror when he had subdued the country so that it was safe to live there.

The word "Mexican," as now used, simply means a native of Mexico. But the brown skinned Indians whose ancestors have made their homes on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec for hundreds of generations, never call themselves Mexicans. They insist upon their tribal name of "Zapotec," and they will tell you proudly that they have never been conquered. No, not even by Hernando Cortes. He made a treaty with them by which they became his allies, and they helped him in his conflict with the Aztecs of the North.

My husband and I were in Mexico City, taking motion pictures for the use of schools in the United States, when we received a letter from our friends, Ruth and Horace Corbin, telling us to come on down to Chivela quickly, "to see an elopement." They also advised us to bring the movie

camera and take a picture of it.

When we arrived by train, two days later, Ruth and Horace were waiting for us at the tiny railroad station which is in sight of the long, white walled house. The heat of the day was tempered by a steady wind that blew continually. Near at hand were tall coco palms, their spidery tops sil-

houetted against a cloudless blue sky.

We piled into an ox cart with our baggage, and our cameras, and creaked and jolted our way through a native village with high peaked huts, palm thatched, and a few houses made of sun-dried adobe blocks, and roofed with red tiles.

Here, for the first time, we saw the picturesque costumes of the Zapotec race. The men wore white homespun shirts and trousers, and a peculiar high-crowned straw hat, usually with a sprig of greenery in it. Most of them were barefooted, or wore heavy leather sandals.

The women and young girls looked as if they had robbed all the tropical butterflies of their brilliant colors. Each one wore a close fitting, embroidered blouse, and, over many white petticoats, a full skirt of contrasting shade, with a wide pleated ruffle around the bottom. Sometimes the blouse was blue, and the skirt pink—or vice versa. A yellow blouse might be embroidered with purple flowers, and this worn with a skirt of deep maroon. We realized why so many artists come down to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to paint the "Tehuanas," as the native girls are called. Not only are the costumes unusual, but the Tehuana women themselves have a graceful, pictorial quality. They walk like queens, and are invariably dignified and courteous. We noted with interest that they spoke to each other—not in Spanish, but in their own Indian language, Zapotec; older by many centuries than the language imposed on them by their conquerors.

Arrived at the *hacienda*, (and this time I am referring to the house) we sat down almost immediately to lunch. It was an unusual experience to be waited on by young, beautiful little Zapotec maidens. All of them were barefooted.

We were finishing our dessert of luscious pineapple, freshly picked from the *hacienda* garden, when a young Zapotec lad appeared in the doorway, respectfully removed his high crowned hat, and waited for permission to speak.

"If the Señores are ready," he said in soft Spanish, "we would like to commence the carrying off. Don Julio says he has many things to do to-day."

"Who is Don Julio?" I asked Ruth Corbin.



THE AUTHOR (AT LEFT) AND HER HOST AND HOSTESS MAKING PINATAS—POTTERY JARS COVERED WITH COLORED PAPER AND FILLED WITH CANDY—FOR THE WEDDING FIESTA

"The father of the girl who is going to be stolen," she answered.

"Do you mean that he *knows* his daughter is going to be carried off?" I asked incredulously. She laughed.

"Why, certainly. He even knows that you have brought a motion picture camera with you. He will be in as many scenes as possible."

We felt like Alice in Wonderland—this affair was getting "curiouser and curiouser."

Both Ruth and Horace refused to tell us anything more. So out into the hot sunshine we went, towards the Zapotec village, the boy carrying our big movie camera.

He led us along the dusty street to a house obviously more important than any of the others. It was of white adobe,



THE HACIENDA OWNERS AND THEIR AMERICAN GUESTS ENJOY A FIESTA OF THEIR OWN. THE HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND WAS BUILT BY CORTES, CONQUEROR OF MEXICO

BELOW: DIEGO, THE "NOVIO," OR SWEET-HEART, WHO SEIZED HIS BRIDE, THREW HER ACROSS THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE AND GALLOPED AWAY WITH HER



THE TEHUANA HEADDRESS AS WORN FOR A FIESTA. THE BRILLIANTLY DECORATED GOURD BOWL IS USED FOR CARRYING FLOWERS, VEGETABLES, OR LAUNDRY

tile roofed, and had a small porch. Here lived Don Julio, the *presidente municipal*, whose duties (in a very small way) were those of a mayor. We noticed a group of young men nearby, all of them spic and span in their white homespun garments, and all wearing flowers in their hat bands. Ruth pointed out the handsomest and tallest of them. "That's Diego, our yard boy. He is Lucita's '*novio*.' That



A ZAPOTEC WOMAN BAKES TORTILLAS FOR THE WEDDING FIESTA. THEY ARE THIN CAKES MADE FROM CORN POUNDED AND GROUND INTO A PASTE AND COOKED WITHOUT GREASE ON A POTTERY PLATE OVER A CHARCOAL FIRE



BELOW: A TEHUANA HEADRESS AS WORN FOR MASS. NOTE THE SLEEVE-LIKE FOLD HANGING IN FRONT



"—AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER—" THE HAPPY ENDING OF A REAL-LIFE LOVE STORY IN MEXICO

means 'sweetheart.' Watch, now, the fun is going to start."

None of the young men seemed to pay any attention to us. But just the same, the minute the camera was set up, all of them started walking towards the house, Diego in the lead. He went up the steps onto the porch, and called politely, "Don Julio, I want to talk with you."

Don Julio came out of the house, scowling heavily. He

### Photographs by JOHN BRANSBY

was a short, corpulent Indian with thick, curly black hair. He did not look at all friendly. The conversation began with great formality. The health of each member of the family was disposed of, the abundance of the crops, the condition of the cattle.

While it was going on, I noticed a young, pretty Zapotec girl in a red blouse and pale lavender skirt, come tiptoeing around the corner of the house where she could watch without being seen.

"Who is that?" I whispered to Ruth.

"That's Lucita, Don Julio's daughter."

The formal conversation was ended suddenly.



TERESA, SISTER OF LUCITA, STANDING BEFORE THE MASSIVE FOUR-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD DOOR OF THE HACIENDA. IT WAS CONSTRUCTED WITHOUT HANDLES SO THAT IT COULD BE FLUNG SECURELY SHUT WITH ONE MOTION

Diego cleared his throat, and said earnestly, "Don Julio, I have something important to say to you. I love your daughter, Lucita, very much. I ask your permission to marry her."

The older man frowned, and shrugged his broad shoulders. "I value my daughter too highly to give her away."

"But, Don Julio, I will work hard for her. I will be an obedient son to you. I promise that I will make Lucita happy."

Don Julio stamped his sandaled foot.

"I don't want you for a son! You're too ugly! Go and marry a monkey!"

Diego's friends began to murmur (Continued on page 46)





"I WILL LEAD THE WAY—FOLLOW ME!" SHE DIRECTED, SHRIEKING ABOVE THE STORM

**T**HE BREEZE swept through the white-washed room, fragrant with the scent of millet from the valley fields and with the more pungent odor of wormwood from the desert. The flies droned into the room, and out again, since there was nothing here to interest them.

The voice of Mademoiselle Marie sounded strangely vital and filled with joy of living and discovery. "Syria is an old land," she was saying, "so old that it has been slumbering out of weariness for centuries. It is you, the young women of Syria, who must awaken your land and make of it the great country that it was when Christ was born."

The girls who sat listening to this vivacious white-faced French girl looked upon her unmoved, and now, as she mentioned the name of the Christian's Messiah, they glanced out of the window, towards the desert, as though there was something they were seeking there; but they were merely looking towards Mecca, for all were Mohammedans.

The voice of Mademoiselle Marie continued, "According to your own laws, women have not been accorded an equal opportunity with men. France is giving you that equal right if you wish to take it."

The class displayed some interest in this announcement, but not the Arab girl, Tharzah. Her eyes burned with a sullen fire that brought bright spots to her cheeks and a tightening of the lines about her mouth.

During the World War the Arabs had revolted and made it possible for the English to gain such victories as they had in the Holy Land. The great Englishman, Lawrence, had even fought beside them, and promised that, if they were successful in their revolt against the Turks, they would be assisted by the English to become an independent people. But, when the destiny of the nations was settled at the

peace tables, the war lords of the conquering nations had decided that Syria was not capable of governing herself. The population was composed of hundreds of tribes that were traditional enemies of one another. To make a ruler of any of these tribal chiefs would mean civil war, they argued. So France had been appointed for the task of guiding the new nation which, for so long, had been crushed under the heel of the Turks.

The Syrians deeply resented this arrangement. They hated the French and, through this common hatred, they were finding a unity of purpose which they had never known before. They felt that it would be but a matter of time until they became strong enough to strike off French mandate, and it was such thoughts which caused the fire to smolder in the eyes of Tharzah to-day.

One cause of her indignation was that the girls of her class had daily become more inclined towards this French teacher whom they had been instructed by their tribal chiefs to learn from, but never to cease hating.

"One thousand girls are attending school in this city," Mademoiselle Marie was saying, "and it is our duty to do everything in our power to spread that privilege to other centers which have not the means to support a school for themselves. I have therefore made a plan which I am certain you will like. We—you and I—are going out to the desert villages to start schools there. Every girl will have the privilege of teaching a few days each month."

The eyes of the girls became almost eager as they listened, but Tharzah continued to stare out of the window. She was thinking that the sun had that vague mistiness it so often had before a sand storm. If only there would be a bad

*Illustrated by F. LUIS MORA*





# THE LOST SHEEP by NORA BURGLON

storm from the desert, such a bad storm that they would have to close school, and the fine Mademoiselle would be compelled to lock herself up in her room and stay there to keep from suffocating!

"To-day I plan to visit the first village," the French woman continued. "Every day I am going to take a different girl with me. To-day I am going to ask Tharzah to accompany me, because we are going out to the oasis village of Tamarind where some of her kin live."

The girls looked with envious eyes towards Tharzah, but the Arab girl's inscrutable expression did not change. She knew well enough why the Mademoiselle was calling upon her at this time. She meant to use her as a bait to gain converts towards the French policy. She should learn differently, if she depended upon Tharzah as a means of carrying out her schemes.

"School is now out for to-day," continued Mademoiselle. "All be here to-morrow. We shall have a thrilling tale to tell you." She did not know, as she spoke those words, what an accurate prophecy she was making. "As you have your own camel and I have mine," she added to Tharzah, "let us meet here at the school in fifteen minutes."

Mademoiselle Marie had been given one of the army camels for her use, a beautiful fawn colored "mehari" who could make a hundred miles a day without any effort. Her name was Fatmeh. She had a remarkably good disposition, and Mademoiselle had become exceedingly fond of her. Riding up to the school on the camel, with a blue face-veil draped over her robe, the French girl looked not unlike the native women of Syria, for the months she had spent under

*A modern story of far-off Syria and an Arabian girl who resented the French rule*

the unmerciful sun of the Syrian summer had almost tanned away the creamy whiteness of her skin.

Tharzah's camel was as white as the distant peaks of the mountains in winter. Mispah was swifter than the gentle Fatmeh, but the beast had such an evil temper that he had sent two men to their deaths already. Perhaps Tharzah found in this camel something of her own tumultuous nature, and possibly it was because he felt the same rebellion towards restraint as she did, that the two of them had not found occasion to disagree up to the present.

"We ride towards the East, do we not?" asked Mademoiselle, not so much because she needed to know, as that she wanted Tharzah to feel, from the beginning, that she was depending upon her. The girl made no answer.

"Look here!" Mademoiselle continued, pulling a number of gay picture books out of her saddle bag. "Aren't these bright and lovely? I brought them along for your cousins and the rest of the small children at the Tamarind oasis."

"Yes, they are gay in coloring," Tharzah replied. A faint, malicious smile curved her lips. That haze, which lay like a cloud of mist against the horizon, looked even more like a sand storm than before. Mademoiselle had never been out in a sand storm, or she would have read this warning, and have known enough to turn back; of that, Tharzah was certain.

The French were so superior. They came into this country uninvited; they built roads, here and there and every-

where, so that they could get the products of Syria out of the land, and grow rich on the sale of them; they came, knowing how to read books, and how to drive automobiles. But they did not know enough to read the heavens and understand when a storm was coming to the desert, the girl reflected, with satisfaction.

She fell behind and let the teacher ride first. Disagreeable as sand storms were, Tharzah did not fear them, so long as she knew the locale in which she found herself. She would allow Mademoiselle to lead them into the storm, and then she would have the satisfaction of seeing this superior person asking her for help—she who was merely an Arab, daughter of a race of women who went veiled, who had not known how to read and write for thousands of years.

The girl chuckled to herself. When Mademoiselle Marie asked her for help, she would act just as stupid as the French thought the Arabs were. She would pretend that she knew nothing about directions at all. If it were not possible for the Arab fathers to humble the French officials of the Government, she, at least, a daughter of theirs, was going to have that privilege to-day.

The storm struck suddenly. First of all, a cloud whipped up darkly before the riders, and, the next instant, their faces were stung by flying particles which felt like red hot needles against their unprotected faces.

Tharzah drew the veil over her face. At the same moment she saw Mademoiselle Marie turn frightened eyes upon her. "We have ridden into a sand storm," the French woman cried. "Do you know how far we are from the oasis?"

"Too far to reach it in this storm, I should think," replied the girl.

**M**ADEMOISELLE crouched before the force of the gale, and the girl saw she was fumbling for something in her bag. After a moment she brought out a long piece of heavy twine, and tossed one end of it to Tharzah. "Make this fast to your saddle so that your camel will not become separated from mine," she cried. "In a few moments we will not be able to see three meters about us."

Tharzah took the line in disgust. The other was still the teacher. Not even a sand storm could daunt her! The girl shook her head.

"I will lead the way—follow me!" the French woman directed, shrieking above the storm. She was earnestly consulting a small desert compass. "We shall have to turn back!" The words came to Tharzah frayed and torn by the wind.

For a distance the girl followed, then she unloosed the



THARZAH ASKED MADEMOISELLE MARIE IF SHE MIGHT SPEAK

cord, and, binding the left saddle bag to it, let it fall to the ground. How chagrined and terrified her teacher would be, before long, when she drew in the end of the line and found only the saddle bag!

Turning her camel into the wind, Tharzah urged the beast in the direction they had been traveling when the storm struck them. The oasis lay only a few miles ahead. She knew that Mispah would lead on to water.

However, the malicious traits which were latent in the heart of Mispah were stirring themselves. The wind was striking him in the face, grains of sand were stinging his nostrils and grating in his eyes. He groaned dismally and turned to follow Fatmeh, who was long since out of sight. Tharzah struck him with her camel stick while she urged him towards the oasis. The camel jerked forward,

but with loud and angry protests.

On and on Tharzah rode, but Mispah still blubbered and groaned as though he were being killed at every step. Suddenly Tharzah felt that the camel had left the hard strip of road and turned towards the desert. He must not get off the road! There was nothing but that hard ribbon of stone to guide them on their dangerous way.

She struck the animal across the hind quarters sharply with her stick. He should know that she was mistress, and that he could not set the way they were to take, storm or no storm. But the indignation which had been smoldering in the heart of Mispah, at that instant rose uppermost. He kicked his feet stiffly into the air and came down with a jolt which would have sent any but a superb rider into the air. Tharzah was able to cling to the furious beast. But this was not the only trick Mispah knew. His legs sprawled, then he rocked forward and back as limp as a rag. The next instant he leaped into the air again, and this time Tharzah lost her balance and was hurled to the ground. She landed with such an impact against the sand that she lay there stunned for a minute before the horror of what had happened broke in upon her. She was alone upon the desert in a sand storm—and without a mount.

She must find her way back to the road. If she followed the road, she would finally find her way to the village. Springing to her feet, she ran, first in one direction, then in another, hoping that the camel had not deserted her. But she was as alone as though she were the only inhabitant in a world of sand.

Tharzah groped through the haze, (*Continued on page 33*)

# HIGH TIDE IN NORMANDY

By

KATHARINE  
O. WRIGHT

Illustrated by  
FRANK DOBIAS

THE girl in navy blue rested one hand on the deck rail of the tiny steamer, watching the olive-green coast of France, as it slipped by. Presently she smiled up at the tall man beside her.

"Am I really across the ocean, Dad? I can hardly believe it."

"I know how you feel," her father replied, "I'll never forget the first time I came abroad."

"After spending most of my life in Berryville, I—I feel kind of dazed."

"Not surprising."

The tiny steamer left a long, curving wake behind it. The masts of Havre were becoming more and more thread-like in the distance. All about the deck French was being spoken, *staccato*, melodious, emphasized by gesticulation.

"Can you understand any of it, Betsy?"

Mr. Lockridge asked, and she gave a shrug of her blue-clad shoulders. It was a gesture of futility, so imitative of those going on about them that her father grinned down at her.

"All those verbs, all those genders of tables and chairs and things were for nothing!" she said. "These people talk so fast—I can't understand a word."

"Never mind," said her father. "When you've been here a while, phrases will come to you in chunks of meaning, and in school this winter in Paris you'll learn to speak well."

"What *is* that old sailor talking about? He keeps pointing into the sea and exclaiming, '*mas-caret*.'"

"He's describing a much-dreaded tide that rushes up the estuary of the Seine at equinoctial times; he says it picks up boats and hurls them into the streets."

"Oh! That must be dreadful. He's awfully worked up, just describing it." Betsy was fascinated by the violent bobbing of the red pompon on the old sailor's blue beret. She looked

down in horror at the tawny water of the Seine, turbulent about sandbars and reefs, coloring the green ocean water for miles.

"Don't worry," said her father, "the *mascaret* is not due for two weeks, not until the middle of September."

"Thank goodness! I'd hate to be set down, boat and all, in Honfleur instead of landing with the help of a gang-plank." Then, although the old sailor went on exclaiming, they forgot the *mascaret*, for they were approaching an exquisite coast.

"The *Côte de Grâce*!" exclaimed Betsy, as she glimpsed high-swung apple orchards, velvet green above the sea, and beech forests dropping abruptly to the water's edge. "*It's apple blossom time in Norman-dy, in Norman-dy*," she began to hum the old popular song.

"It *is* really apple time," said her father, "and soon the cheeses and the cider will also be getting ripe—this coast is famous for both."

When Betsy looked back over the water she could no longer see the great ocean liner which had brought them from America. It was out of sight in the harbor they had left behind, and the young people who had made the voyage from New York so merry, had all boarded the boat

train for Paris.

"Wonder what the Peckham twins are doing?" she said, flashing an amused glance at her father.

"Probably riding the French engine," said he. "There wasn't any place on the ship they overlooked, including the crow's nest."

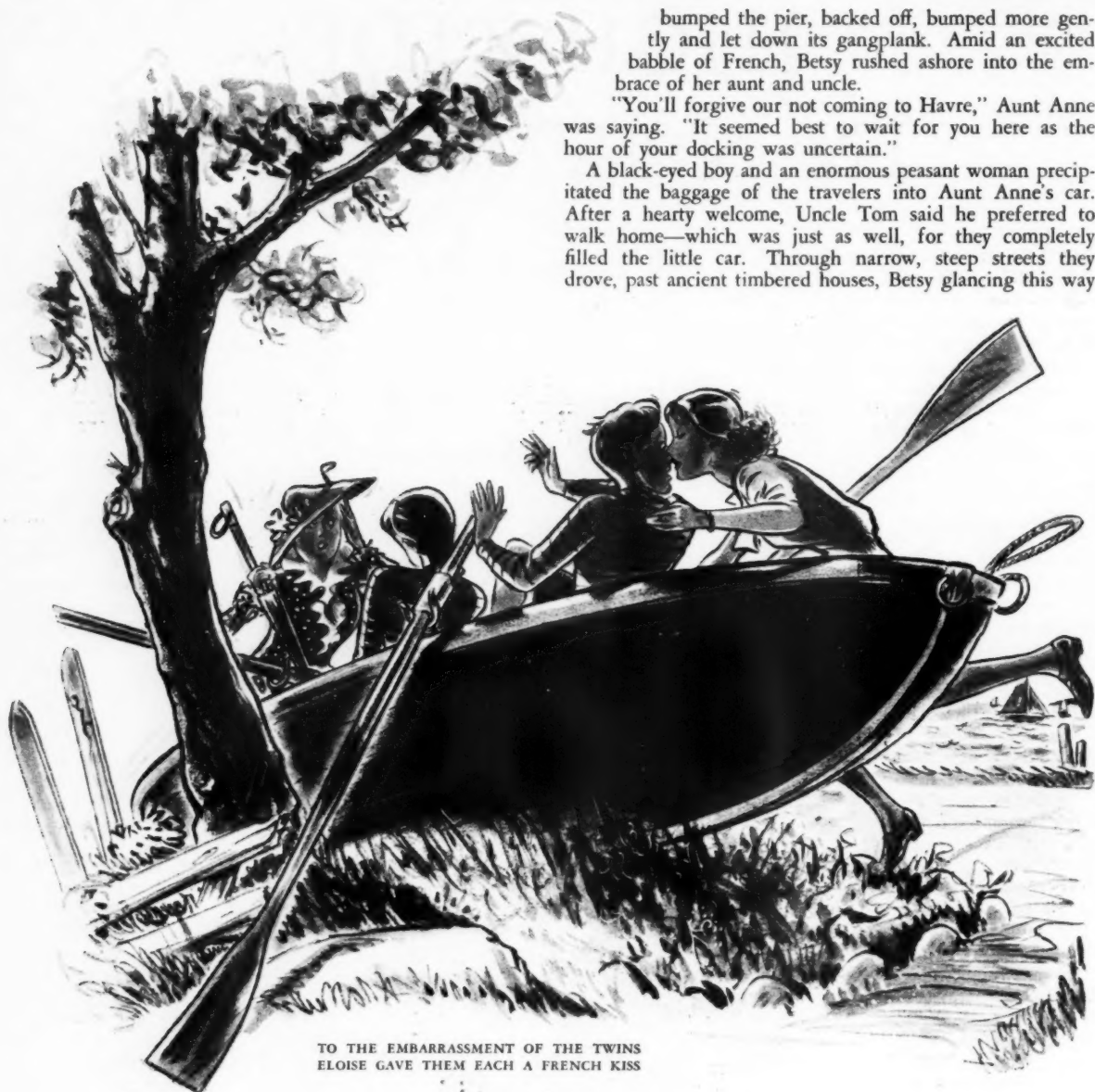
"Their poor Grandmother!" sighed Betsy. "She's young for a Granny, but how she ever dared bring those two live wires abroad—! What one didn't think of, the other did."



BETSY WAS FASCINATED BY THE VIOLENT BOBBING OF THE RED POM-PON ON THE OLD SAILOR'S BERET

*Betsy arrived to visit her aunt and uncle in Normandy just in time for the "mascaret," a much-dreaded tide that every year took its toll of the fishing fleet*





TO THE EMBARRASSMENT OF THE TWINS  
ELOISE GAVE THEM EACH A FRENCH KISS

"She's putting them in a boarding school in Switzerland," Mr. Lockridge told her. "But she's taking them around France a bit first, poor lady."

The thirteen-year-old twins reminded Betsy of her brothers. From the vantage point of fifteen, she had an older sister's feeling for them. How she had laughed at them! She was afraid she had encouraged them in their mischief.

The steamer was approaching a tiny fishing village at the mouth of the Seine.

"Honfleur?" Betsy enquired, and her father nodded.

She could see pastel-tinted houses, crowding each other, as high as seven stories above the cobbled streets, their color reflected, along with henna sails and indigo fish nets, in the moving water of the harbor. And there was an interesting church that looked as though shipbuilders had made it a long time ago. Suddenly Betsy discerned a gentleman on the pier, and a lady in a wide-brimmed hat, who waved to her.

"Aunt Anne!" she cried, waving back furiously. "And there's Uncle Tom!"

With shrill toots and the letting off of steam, their boat

bumped the pier, backed off, bumped more gently and let down its gangplank. Amid an excited babble of French, Betsy rushed ashore into the embrace of her aunt and uncle.

"You'll forgive our not coming to Havre," Aunt Anne was saying. "It seemed best to wait for you here as the hour of your docking was uncertain."

A black-eyed boy and an enormous peasant woman precipitated the baggage of the travelers into Aunt Anne's car. After a hearty welcome, Uncle Tom said he preferred to walk home—which was just as well, for they completely filled the little car. Through narrow, steep streets they drove, past ancient timbered houses, Betsy glancing this way

and that. Now it was a glint of copper in the dusk of a doorway that attracted her, now fishwives and the market place, now darling French children, plump legs and arms protruding far out of short dresses and trousers.

About a mile out of Honfleur, Betsy's aunt tooted her horn and a grilled iron gate in a high brick wall swung open. A pretty, buxom girl stepped aside as they drove in.

"THAT is Eloise," said Aunt Anne. "You will have good times exploring the *Côte de Grâce* with her. She is a French Girl Scout—*Éclaireuse*, they call them, which means 'light-bearer.'"

To think of going about with a real French girl, and a Scout! They'd have lots in common, if not much language. How Betsy longed to speak French!

The driveway curved around formal beds of fuchsias, heliotrope, and roses, to a little villa with a steep roof and long French windows, opening into the garden. In front, grassed terraces descended to the sea; behind, beech forests rose steeply up Mont Joli. How pleasant! How foreign!





When Betsy's feet crunched the gravel, she felt as though she were stepping into an opera scene.

She and Eloise gave each other the Scout handshake and smiled into each other's eyes; then the French girl and her mother, Madame, hustled the baggage up the steep stairs, and Betsy found herself changing into a summer dress and sneakers. Aunt Anne came in and raised the jalousies. The windows looked over the sea Betsy had just crossed. Sun poured into the room on creamy walls, whereon pink shepherdesses sported with shepherds, and their sheep took care of themselves.

"There just couldn't be a room like it in America!" exclaimed Betsy.

"No, but it just needed a girl like you," Aunt Anne told her, laughing. "Come down now, lunch is ready on the terrace."

The salt breeze kept lifting the red-checked tablecloth Eloise strove to spread. Betsy ran across the grass and held it down while the other girl brought Breton dishes to anchor it. Desperately Betsy felt about in her mind for a few French words and tried them. Eloise's brown eyes lit with pleasure. She was full of quick response and enthusiasm.

Uncle Tom and her father came and they sat down to a cheese soufflé that melted on the tongue, a crisp salad tossed to perfection, and new peas cooked with one tiny onion and just enough cream. Betsy sighed blissfully. She'd always heard that cooking was an art in France.

Waves were lapping gently at the base of the terrace. "Is there a place to swim?" she inquired, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

"Yes, a small beach down there," said Uncle Tom. "Swimming is good until about the fifteenth, when the *marechal* makes it unsafe."

"That awful tide I heard an old sailor talking about?"

"Yes, it is an amazing wall of water."

"You needn't worry about my swimming around the fifteenth!" Betsy announced, and asked Uncle Tom to tell her exactly what *Côte de Grâce* meant.

"It means 'merciful coast,'" he said, "a harbor for those in peril on the sea. To-night, you will see a light high on Mont Joli behind this house. That light has been kept burning for hundreds of years. It is in the church of Notre Dame de Grâce, Our Lady of Mercy, first built by the father of William the Conqueror because his ship was saved by a miracle. It was burned and rebuilt—but, since long before the days of lighthouses, that light has guided mariners."

One of the few dates Betsy could remember was 1066, when William the Conqueror had taken England at the Battle of Hastings. "And his father first built that church, and its light has burned ever since! Whew!"

A plaintive bleat interrupted her and, looking over her shoulder, she beheld a small white goat peering at them from around the corner of the villa. His tiny bearded face was so quizzical that she laughed aloud.

"That's Guillaume," said Aunt Anne. "In English he is 'Sweet William.' He has an uncanny knowledge of our meal time, although he is never encouraged."

Just then Eloise chased the little goat back into the field.

That night, when the modern lighthouse cut the dark with its shaft of light, almost obliterating the faithful candles on Mont Joli, Betsy felt the magic and the danger of the *Côte de Grâce*.

Next morning, when she and Eloise walked to Honfleur, she felt as though she had stepped back into 1066. Carved oaken faces peered at her from overhanging eaves, ancient houses, black-ribbed with timber, leaned above her head. All was sunshine and gay good nature in the market place, for the bargaining had just begun. Awnings were spread, the women stood behind their wares, looking, in wide white coifs and full skirts, much as Honfleur women must have looked when William the Conqueror strode these streets.

The market place was exciting! So much old world life, so much strange, new life. Betsy saw an old man lean across the green and gold of carrots to kiss an old woman in the hearty French fashion, first (Continued on page 34)

# A BIRD GROUP FOR

*The birds of English literature are immortalized in the group designed by Lee Jaques for New York's Museum of Natural History. Here is Mrs. Jaques's charming and intimate account of their experiences in the New Forest, collecting specimens and painting the forest background*

by FLORENCE PAGE JAQUES

Winchester, England, May fifteen

Dear Family,

We are now in heaven. I thought you'd like to know—and I want you to see it! I wish you could be here! Just the one day we've had would pay for coming all the way.

It was cold and disagreeable for our first glimpse of England. But we watched the coast, shuddering with cold and excitement, all day, more or less. That night we had a *very* peculiar gala dinner, owing to a bitter feud at our table between the Hollandess and our two American girls. Everyone threatens to come and find us bird-grouping—they have the vaguest idea as to what it's all about. But when I tell them our last three groups were made in the Arctic, the Argentine pampas, and the Congo, they can't see why a civilized place like England was chosen for this one. "Yes," I tell them, "there's a Birds of the World Hall. And this will show the birds of English literature,"—that does call out a gleam of response.

We were supposed to arise briskly at five-thirty yesterday—and it a Sunday morning! But, of course, we stayed awake practically all night, and then got up to rain and fog. It was rather fun to have a British fog out to meet us; we went ashore in windless mist, with reflections of shipping making the harbor water very decorative for us.

Then we casually took a taxi over to Winchester. It seemed almost too informal. But to land, after days at sea,

A GLADE IN THE NEW FOREST WITH YELLOW GORSE IN BLOOM AND A CARPETING OF BLUEBELLS UNDER THE ANCIENT BEECHES BY THE SHERRY-COLORED STREAM



BLUEBELLS HERE MADE POOLS OF BLUE. AT THE LEFT: THERE THEY COLLECTED BRANCHES OF GLOSSY HOLLY FOR THE GROUP



and just wander out into the English countryside in an open car, instead of taking a stuffy train to London! And in May! I had to pinch Lee all the way to Winchester to keep from screeching at the top of my voice. From waves and gray empty sky to branches in first leaf over thatched roofs, daffodils, green banks, and rosy May trees!

We came into Winchester about nine in the morning. Down a narrow, crooked street was this inn, *very* English, quaint, and beautiful. Just a door in a brick wall, and we walked in, down a couple of steps to a hall; it looked very tiny and cramped,

but it opens out into drawing room, terraced sun room, writing rooms, and a long walled garden, pink with tulips and apple blossoms, and bordered along one side with little visitors' houses.

I wanted one of those small guest houses, but Lord Grey

# R THE MUSEUM

JES

The three-panel painting of the New Forest by LEE JAQUES

The bird group described here may be seen in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, in the Birds of the World Hall



had already selected our rooms. Anyhow, we merely glanced at our abode and then simply leaped out into the English morning. Through zigzag streets and arched ways to the Cathedral, then along the small walled river, and up the green of St. Giles Hill. Immediately we met myriads of the birds we'd come so far to see. Even a skylark fluttering high! Immediately! "I stood tip toe upon a little hill—" I felt like that. Filagrees of bird songs and cathedral bells were everywhere in the air. I get breathless writing about that morning.

We came home to lunch and started out again at once, down along the small river (the Itchen, where we may get the bird group) past great trees with rooks cawing in them. We found a river path through the college grounds where school boys in tall silk hats and black formality, with Turkish towels for scarfs, were going to bathe. Through the cricket grounds and past old monastery places, the little canals, barred with poplar reflections,



MR. JAQUES SKETCHES A BEECH

ran along above the grass. Then we found a tiny fifteenth-century rectory where we had tea, after which we went to evensong at the Cathedral. Home to dinner, coffee in the garden, and so to bed—simply reeling from so much of England in one day, but so happy!

This morning it's rainy, but still warm, bless its heart. It's Whitsuntide Monday, my brave boys, and it's a bank holiday, and I don't dare ask anyone what that is.

May twenty-one

Dearest Family,

I am too bursting-into-bloom with adjectives and showery with exclamation points to write at all. But I'll try to be coherent.

Tuesday Doctor C. and the T's, who are giving the group to the museum, arrived. Wednesday morning Lord Grey appeared, putting the whole place in a terrific flutter. The pattering little feet of the hot-and-cold-running servants, as Lee calls them, ran faster than ever, and the housekeeper had the vapors bringing him up the stairs. We met him (such a simple, kindly person), and then we all started out immediately in a huge, old-fashioned motor car.





MAKING PLASTER MOLDS OF BEECH LEAVES BY THE BROOK

I thought the poor butler was going to weep, seeing us off, he was so afraid he'd been slow about the luncheon baskets.

Doctor C. wants to find a place to reproduce in the group, somewhere along the path of the bird walk Lord Grey and Theodore Roosevelt took in 1910. So to-day we followed the Itchen, and to-morrow we're going through the New Forest. Roosevelt and Lord Grey took the whole walk in less than a day, but we are being less strenuous. All this is most exciting, because, wherever the group is chosen, Lee and I will stay for a month or more, while Lee sketches and collects group accessories. I do so want to stay here in Winchester! I *hope* they decide on the Itchen.

We drove to Itchen Abbas, a six mile drive, and walked, cross country, along the little river. I can't describe that walk; you'll have to take all the things you've ever read of English springs and stir them all together. After all, who am I to try to describe this, when Keats and Shakespeare didn't really succeed? Spangled woods, hawthorn hedges, starry meadows, and the Itchen, with water flowers and moor hens nesting. Grebe, with babies on their backs, and tiny ducklings scurrying. Low thatched cottages with rainbows for gardens. Skylarks! I wish I could tell you about skylarks!

*"A skylark wounded on the wing  
Doth make a cherub cease to sing."*

That's Blake—I really can't keep from quoting. Lapwings, reckless and dramatic, tumbling in black and white ecstasy down the sky. Chiff-chaffs with their cunning notes. Black-birds singing against lacy leaves. Strange little wagtails in the brook.

Lord Grey fished the Itchen for many years. He and his wife escaped from London every week-end, and ran down to their cottage here. It is the loveliest and most secluded spot imaginable. Hudson tells about it in his *Hampshire Days*—do read that. Lord Grey told us this morning that he and his wife always set two days of the year aside—one to see the beech leaves in their first green, one to see them in their autumn gold.

The car met us at a little bridge and we had a picnic lunch, and then walked on through the afternoon in a shower of rain, a gauze of green buds and green mist. Now we're back and have had tea. Lord Grey has just told us about his pet philosopher, a plump dowager who, whenever anything deplorable happened, would remark, "At any rate, it's not as bad as jam behind the brooch!"

*Sunday*

Dr. C. has decided on the group. It's in the New Forest, two miles from Lyndhurst, along Highland Water! The mo-

ment Doctor C. saw it, he knew that was the place. So Lee and I will be in the village of Lyndhurst instead of my adored Winchester. We go there Tuesday. But now I must tell you about Friday night.

After dinner, Lord Grey took us out in the car to find a nightingale! It was an unclouded May night, sweet and tranquil. We went out to a place not far from his cottage, and stopped by the river where a huge double row of lime trees looked gigantic in the dusk. We wandered up the grass past great trees and hawthorn thickets, just the kind of place that nightingales love. The full moon drifted up beyond the silhouetted trees, and sleepy birds muttered at us. We didn't mind at all not finding a nightingale, but Lord Grey was terribly disappointed, for our sakes, and we did mind that.

At last we gave up the search and went back to the car and started home. On the way back, he thought he heard a nightingale's song, far off. So we left the car again and went up a dark, damp path between black hedges, up and up, through a side thicket, and came out into bright moonlight. There a nightingale was singing wildly. We went nearer and nearer to its lovely rapture, looking up at it through moonlit spring branches. It was the most passionate music that I ever heard, pure magic. At last we went back into shadow again, leaving the bird still singing. It was such a dramatic and perfect climax after we thought we'd missed the marvel. We came back in triumph, just at midnight.

Now it's Sunday morning and the cathedral bells are tumbling down the air again. I'm writing this in the garden, and apple petals are blowing over me and a queer little fountain statue. I cannot *bear* to leave this place. I love Winchester. And the Cathedral, the ancient squareness of its tower, its grey stone walls and quietness, the music of its bells. The sense of centuries of worship mingles with the sweetness of river meadows and the youth of school-boys and old simplicities. I want to stay!

But Lee is getting his canvases and paints ready this morning. At least I'm glad we don't need to collect English birds. There are already birdskins in museum drawers, waiting to be mounted. What Lee has to do is to design the group, make sketches for the background, and collect what accessories can be taken back, for the foreground. Doctor plans to have most of the small birds grouped around a great owl. The small birds often gather like that, to scold an owl, and the design will be much better than if they are just spotted over the group.

Did I tell you I didn't sleep at (Continued on page 41)



THE INN GARDEN WITH ITS HOLLY HEDGE



A WIDE-BRANCHED OAK IN THE QUEEN'S BOWER



# THE HOUSE BY THE ROAD

By  
JOSEPHINE DASKAM  
BACON

*Irene's mother wanted to save her from the hard work she had done herself; her father wanted her to have every advantage his wealth could give her; but Irene, a "chip of the old block," had a will of her own. Beginning an interesting new serial by the popular author of "The Room on the Roof"*

## PART ONE

IRENE HARTLESS was the image of her dad. This would have been all right if she had been a boy; but the nose of a successful locomotive builder, and the chin of a man who can fight his way up from the bottom, as her dad had to do, don't look so well under floppy, garden party hats—and that's what her mother had always wanted her to wear. Mrs. Hartless had washed and cooked and swept and mended for her man, and had worn old hats and dark, useful dresses, for a good many years; and when the turn came, and the obstinate, hard-working foreman began the upward climb that ended in the great engineer's office, she drew a long breath of relief that her girl would never have to go through the mill that had ground her parents so hard. And that's a mother, all over, for you.

But Jeremiah Hartless's girl was too much like him to be re-painted into the pretty little picture her mother dreamed of, as she scrimped here and saved there, moving from one mining town to another. Jerry Hartless had done each job a little better, and, what was more important, had learned a little more. He had picked up enough schooling as a boy to make the calculations his early inventions required; and Irene just barely remembered, in later years, sitting in a high chair by his side, in a little red dress (for he always liked bright colors on his dark-eyed girl), handing him pencil and ruler, or holding down the corner of his thin tracing paper for him, while his powerful, knotted fingers bent clumsily over the rude sketches that were to make a great fortune for him one day.

But when she tried to picture these scenes more clearly, they faded and blurred, and she confused them with the great mahogany desk in his prosperous office, later on—when she sat beside him, to the amusement of his secretaries, snug in dainty furs, or cool in lacy frocks, chatting



IRENE MARY PERLEE HARTLESS, KNOWN  
AS "IMP" TO HER FRIENDS AT SCHOOL

*Illustrated by HARVÉ STEIN*

vivaciously about school while she carefully arranged the big paper weights, the silver mounted calendar, and the leather-framed photograph of herself and her pet puppy which always stood at his elbow.

She remembered only vaguely that her father's first desk had been the kitchen table, with the freshly blacked stove warming them cosily, clean-mopped oil cloth their carpet, the shining dishes on the dresser their only ornaments, and old gray Tom, that famous mouser, licking his fur near the fire, her only pet. There were no secretaries in those days: her mother kept the account book where every penny had its place and its duty, besides washing her husband's shirts, cooking his dinner, and brooming and scrubbing clean whatever two or three rooms they could afford. Long before her school days began, Irene could make her little bed, dampen the wash for ironing, lay the knives and forks evenly on the oil cloth table cover, pour a careful saucer of milk for old Tom, and even wipe the smaller dishes, standing on a little wooden "cricket," as her mother called the pine footstool.

It never occurred to the child that home was a permanent place: the old battered trunk, the wooden chest, and the

bulging, rope-tied bags that held their constantly shifting belongings carried their home wherever Dad's new job led him, and she never played with the same children more than a year, at most. But one rule never failed: to whatever town or city they went, their two or three rooms must always be near a good school. And no washing, scrubbing, or mending ever interfered with her mother's daily trips to it, to bring and fetch her little girl.

"The kid's to learn as much as she can hold," said Jerry Hartless firmly. "Even a girl, if she's mine, sha'n't be held back by lack o' knowledge."

*Even a girl!* That was the trouble. Irene knew, as soon as she knew anything, that her failure to be a boy was one of her father's greatest disappointments. She supposed he was right, probably, but she felt that it was a little unfair of him, for how could she have helped it? She set her firm little will to do what she could, however, to make good her failure, and from the day she was six she tried, by hook or crook, to look like a boy, if she couldn't be one. Square-toed laced boots, sailor caps, and would-be pea jackets with brass buttons she wheedled out of her father, only to have them scornfully returned by her mother, to be replaced by daintier shoes, long-streamered hats, and coats with lace collars—for money was getting easier now, and a little savings bank account was already growing in Irene's name.

WHEN she was seven, the definite turn in their fortunes came suddenly. Jerry Hartless was offered an important job in South America, on a five-year contract, and when he was informed that the climate was difficult for Northerners, and practically impossible for young children, he decided instantly to leave Irene behind.

Whatever will of her own Mrs. Hartless may once have had was long since worn out, between her husband's calm despotism and her child's determined attempts to have her own way, and she yielded meekly to his decision. But her plans for sending Irene to a relative of her own were instantly quashed.

"When we come back, Mother, it'll be to no such place as this," said Jerry Hartless masterfully. "The kid might just as well start off the way she's going to finish, and that's higher up than you've any thoughts of, old lady! I've got other plans than your Cousin Mattie."

"But who do you know, Jerry?" Mrs. Hartless protested. "You've got nobody better, have you?"

"Maybe I haven't, and maybe I have," he said, thrusting out his jaw. "You leave it to me, that's all."

From the day he had decided upon this tropical job, a daring idea had been fermenting in his mind. Jeremiah Hartless was all that was left of a poor and shiftless branch of a good family. He had drifted to the West, but a distant cousin of his father's, settled in New York, had brought up and educated a family, one of whom, a daughter, had acted for many years as social secretary to a family of wealth and distinction. Jerry, who had been sent for to explain one of his inventions to a group of interested men in the great man's library, had come in contact with this Miss Hartless, and instantly recognized the family traits in her dark eyes, strong nose, and clear, decisive speech.

He had never forgotten her, and when the little family came to New York, a week before he and his wife were to sail to the South, he left his two charges—one complaining and worried, the other eager and excited—in the cheap hotel he had found for them, and went directly to the spacious, dignified house he had visited almost three years earlier.

He had asked to see the great engineer, as before; and, as before, Miss Ida Hartless, with the same look of cool surprise lifting her square, dark brows, received him.

"I'm sorry you didn't write for an appointment, Mr. Hartless," she said politely. "The family are all away, and

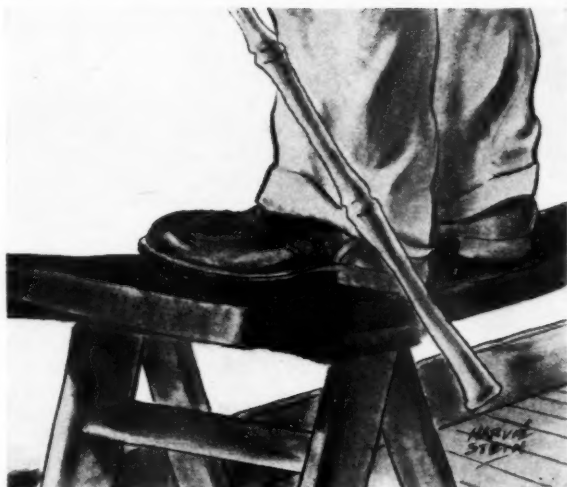


IRENE, RESTING ON HER WEIGHTED BRUSH, CALLED BRISKLY, "GET A MOVE ON, WILL YOU, 'GUSTUS? I SEE WHAT YOU'RE PLAYING FOR! YOU'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT THAT I'M THE ONE TO WASH THOSE TRICKY LITTLE DIAMOND PANES!"

I am just starting on a vacation, myself. It is only by chance that I'm here to-day."

"Maybe it's chance and maybe it's not, Miss Ida Hartless," Jeremiah answered sturdily. "It's you I came to see, as it happens."

She looked at him doubtfully, but with a certain interest.



This was a different person from the rough workman of three years ago. He looked like a fairly prosperous business man, clean-shaved, with well-shined shoes and a neat felt hat. His voice, though husky and abrupt, was not the surly growl she remembered, and the hand that held the new hat was not the stub-nailed hand she remembered.

"Were you figuring to hold down this job forever, Miss Ida Hartless?" he asked suddenly.

She started, and stared. How curious that this stranger should blurt out the question that had been in her own thoughts for so many weeks now! For she had been in this house for nine years, and she was beginning to resent the idea of growing old in it. She found herself wanting a home of her own, no matter how tiny, and she had been vaguely turning the matter over in her mind.

"Because I've got an idea we might be of some use to each other," Jerry Hartless went on, "supposing you should be in the market for a change."

"A change?" she echoed confusedly. What could this man offer her?

"THE Hartless stock likes to be its own boss, as far as I've noticed," he said dryly. "Unless you're different from the lot, in general, Miss Ida Hartless."

"I—I don't know that I am," she admitted, borne down by his powerful personality.

"Well, here's the scheme," he said instantly. "Maybe it'll suit you, maybe it won't. I'm going away for a matter of five years, Miss Ida Hartless. But I'm not taking my girl—and that's where you come in. I'd like you to look after her. I'm coming back a rich man, or I'm badly mistaken—which I've not been very often, I don't mind telling you. What do they pay you here?"

To her amazement, she told him meekly.

"I judged it would be around that figure," he said, nodding, "and I don't doubt you're worth it."

He drew out a worn bank book and a signed, five-year contract at a salary that surprised her.

"The missus and I'll scratch along on one-third," he said bluntly, "and the rest'll come regular for you and the girl. It's my best offer—I can't do more than two-thirds of all I've got. You'll live *where* you think best, *as* you think best. The only stipulation in the contract is, she's to have the best. As to that, you're the boss, not me. You know, and I don't. You've lived with rich people, that know what's what, and you've had a fine education yourself—I looked into that."

She stared at him.

"It isn't only money I want for the girl," he continued, his deep, brown eyes never leaving hers, "it's all that money

can do. And that's a lot, Miss Ida Hartless! I know, because it never got done for me. Nor for her mother, either."

"But I don't know that I—"

Miss Hartless's voice surprised herself. She felt unable to wrench her eyes away from this extraordinary man's compelling gaze.

He brushed her objections aside. "If I do make my pile, your salary is doubled. If I don't, you're no worse off than you were before, that I can see. And you'll be your own boss, with a free hand, while I'm gone. How's that, for fair?"

"Oh, as far as that goes, it's more than fair," she answered.

"The child's got Hartless blood, remember," he added.

"May I see the child?" she asked at last, and he nodded his brief, determined nod. "You come along with me," he said.

In an over-heated hotel bedroom Mrs. Hartless sat uncomfortably on the side of the bed, pouring out a stream of remonstrance and reproach at a determined little figure in a tight silk dress of red-and-white plaid, finished off with a wide, coarse, lace collar. The child's dark, wavy hair was braided into two tight pigtails, each tied with a flaring red bow. On her feet were shining bronze slippers with intricate straps, and hanging around her neck by its attached elastic was an immense, wide-brimmed straw hat with long, black velvet streamers.

THOUGH Miss Hartless took in these details at a glance, they made less impression upon her than the sight of the lanky, liver-colored dog that crouched dejectedly beside the child, who held him firmly with one brown little hand while she fed him bits of crumbled cake from a bag at her side.

"What in the name o'sense is all this?" Mr. Hartless demanded. "Mother, are you crazy? Here's Miss Ida Hartless, I told you about. Where'd that mongrel come from?"

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure," Mrs. Hartless said nervously. "You'll excuse me not getting up—he barks like wild, if I move. Jerry, get him out of here, will you? I've argued with Irene till I'm just about worn out."

Irene exploded like an angry firecracker. "You said if I'd wear these pinchy old shoes and this baby hat, I could have anything I wanted—and I want *him*!" Her big, dark eyes snapped, her jaw was set so like her father's that the guest smiled in spite of herself. "And if I can't have him, I won't stay here—I'll go with Daddy to South America. I will!"

Snatching the hat from her neck with a crack of tearing elastic, she threw it across the room, under the bed, and shot a defiant grin at her father. The dog uttered a low howl, and, at this, Jerry Hartless suddenly burst into a guffaw of laughter. As it ceased, he turned red, stared shamefacedly at the two silent women, then shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Well, Irene, I guess we've done for ourselves now," he said. "I guess Miss Ida Hartless is about ready to go, and I don't know as I blame her. We're kind of a crazy lot, I guess. Stop crying, Mary, and I'll get this dog out—don't be afraid of him, Miss Hartless."

"But I'm not at all afraid of him," said Miss Hartless. "I'm fond of dogs." She turned to the child. "Come and shake hands with me, won't you, Irene? You'd better call me Aunt Ida, hadn't she, Mister—er, Cousin Jeremiah?"

"You mean you'll undertake it?" Jerry Hartless demanded eagerly.

"Yes," said Miss Hartless, looking intently at the excited, big-eyed child, now standing at her knee. "Yes, Cousin Jeremiah, I will. She looks just like me, when I was her age."

"It's all very well," Mrs. Hartless began, in her tired, complaining voice, sitting more comfortably in an armchair, now that the dog was lying (Continued on page 43)





# M A R I A N N E

By

HELEN COALE CREW

**A**RMAND FREMET was sixteen, wore the page's uniform of the Hotel Castile in Paris, and considered life well enough worth living, but nothing to get excited over. His first duty each day was to get into his uniform, and his second duty was to go down the Rue de la Paix—where, to your dazzled eyes, there would seem to be millions of jewelry shops—through the dignified Place Vendôme, and into the Rue Castiglione where Monsieur Dubois had his little shop at which one bought newspapers, cigarettes, and other things, useful or useless.

One fine morning, Armand arrived at Monsieur Dubois's shop just as the shutters were being taken down.

"Bon jour, Monsieur!" said Armand. At this moment up came a lad with a pushcart of newspapers.

"Obé, the news of the world is heavy!" he said, carrying a big armful into the shop and slapping the papers down upon the worn counter.

"Ha, yes!" said Monsieur Dubois.

"And dark," said the boy. "There is, for example, a very excellent mystery, which I shall investigate. Me, I have a very good head for ferreting things out." So saying, and whistling the *Marseillaise* as though it were a street song instead of a song of triumph, he went off, shoving his pushcart ahead of him.

Armand bought a number of papers, and went off whistling a street song as if it were a funeral march. It is astonishing how the little black notes of music can lend themselves to the mood of the moment. Armand's mood

was far from cheerful, and all because of what Uncle Felix had said at dinner, the day before. Uncle Felix had said that he had money enough to send

either Armand or Annette to the University—one or the other, but not—alas!—both. However, the problem was not as simple as it looked on the surface, for Armand and Annette were twins.

Armand carried the papers back to the Hotel Castile; blacked his shoes; had a quarrel with François, who was blacking the shoes of the tourists staying at the hotel, but wouldn't black Armand's; accidentally pulled a silver button off his uniform and quarreled with Marie, the chambermaid, who didn't want to sew it on again; went into the lobby and had an unpleasant difference of opinion with Jaques, the porter, as to his exact duties; and so began the day with—to say the least—ruffled feelings.

Uncle Felix had arrived at the little home of Monsieur and Madame Fremet quite unexpectedly, the day before. He had come up from the Midi, as the people of France call that southern part of their country where April is a glorious miracle and July a terrible strain on the temper. In April, it is impossible to prevent the flowers from blooming and being beautiful, even if one wanted to do such an unnatural thing. Uncle Felix, standing at his shop door, actually encouraged them—as if that were necessary!

"I see you, you little rascal!" he would say to the first dainty flower that blinked at him from his tiny grassplot. "I see you, you pretty darling!" he would almost shout to the very next that took April's cue and came out to do its



*Being twins complicated Armand and Annette's problem, but Marianne had a solution*

little stunt of dancing in the warm wind. And his heart, which was a bit elderly, danced also, cue or no cue.

And now, for a half-year at least, he had been screwing up his courage to go to Paris to encourage his sister's two children to become university students. But no! not both—only one. And they twins! It was enough to ruin the temper of a saint, if you ask me! For, having no children himself, his sister's children were the next best thing. And he hadn't enough money to send them both to the University of Paris. *Oo-oo-la, la! Chose terrible!* At least, he had been sending them both to night school, while they worked by day. That was something.

And now here he was at his sister's modest little home over a bookshop on the Rue St. Honoré, and last evening he had not only broken the news but, also, he feared, he had broken the hearts of the twins. Armand had gone to his work with a face full of Gallic melancholy, and Annette had gone to her work with her pretty face full of puz-

zled unhappiness. Of a surety, it was a depressing day.

"Felix, you've started something," said Madame Fremet, his sister, tying an apron around him so that he might wipe the dishes as she washed them—the faithful maid, Marianne, having gone to market with her basket.

"What have I started?" asked Uncle Felix with an injured air.

"Trouble," said his sister.

Uncle Felix dropped the cup he was wiping, and it promptly parted company with its handle.

"Zut!" said Madame Fremet, picking up the pieces.

"Well, I can't send them both, you know," said Uncle Felix mournfully. All his luxuries rose up accusingly before his eyes. Why had he not denied himself everything but the bare necessities?

"Then you shouldn't try to send either," said his sister sharply.

Uncle Felix dropped a saucer and it deliberately sprang apart into halves. He stared at the pieces with indignation.

*Illustrated by*  
**S. WENDELL**  
**CAMPBELL**



IN HAPPY AGREEMENT  
WITH EACH OTHER, AR-  
MAND AND ANNETTE FI-  
NALLY PARTED

"Zut!" said his sister again. "Go out and take a walk somewhere."

With the apron still tied about him, Uncle Felix went out, and had to sneak back and take it off surreptitiously and start off anew. Then he thought of his old friend, Charles Bartou—and made haste to ask advice of him.

Annette, meanwhile, had made her way down the Avenue de l'Opera, on the right-hand side, to where a confectionary shop stood. This was Monsieur Bartou's shop, and he himself was standing in the doorway, glancing sidewise into his display window to admire the excellent arrangement he had made that morning of the chocolates and bonbons, with "the authors," as he called them, in a row at the back. These were boxes in the shape of books, with a book title and an author's name on the back of each in gilt letters. Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* held the very best grade of chocolates; Alphonse Daudet's "*Le Petit Chose*" held bonbons; and so on among the great French writers. But—this Monsieur Bartou considered his very cleverest of ideas—there was also a volume entitled *Tom Sawyer*, by Mark Twain, which contained a mixture of those candies that you do not swallow whole, but which linger long in the mouth. Many an American parent had "fallen" (as we say) for this agreeable box. It kept the children so quiet.

At this moment Annette Fremet came by, on her way to Madame Reynaud's millinery shop, two doors down.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle Annette!" he called cheerfully after her. She turned and gave him a watery smile, and he noted that her face was pale. A tear was slipping down her cheek.

"The poor little one," he said softly to himself, and went indoors. He sat down in the stiff parlor behind the shop, but he could not read the newspaper, so much more real than yesterday's happenings did the tears on Annette's cheek seem to his kindly heart. He just sat there feeling concerned, and shaking his head from side to side.

When Annette entered the millinery shop she went through the display room, with its show cases full of enchanting hats in charming shapes and delicate colors, and entered the work room beyond. There three young girls in neat black dresses and white ruffled aprons had already begun work. Madame Reynaud, a stately and imposing figure, looked sharply at Annette.

"You are late," she said. "Oh, but quite a whole minute late! I shall be compelled to deduct a *son* from your day's work."

"Oui, Madame," said Annette, and took her ruffled apron from a drawer and put it on.

Madame was just and firm, but she was also kind, though she did not wish anyone to know that. She noted the pale cheeks of Annette as she bent over a rose-pink ribbon she was fashioning into a bow.

"You are ill, my child?" she asked.

"No, Madame."

"But, of a surety, you are unhappy."

Annette burst into weeping, and perhaps, in her agita-

tion, would have wiped the sudden cloud-burst away on the rose-pink bow, only that Madame forestalled any such catastrophe by whisking it away.

"Come, come, child!" she said. "I shall send you upon an errand. It will give you the fresh air and relieve your depression. This hat is to be delivered to an address up near the Panthéon. Make haste now, and see that you come back quite composed."

When Annette took the bandbox from Madame's hand, and went out upon the street, whom did she see but Uncle Felix entering the shop of Monsieur Bartou! She knew they were friends of many years, and that Uncle Felix always went to see the confectioner every time he came up to Paris for a visit. Ah, that Uncle Felix! Why had he come this

time and put a barrier between herself and her twin brother? Of course, Armand wanted to go to the University! Of course, she wanted to go herself! Must she give up to Armand? Well, not without a struggle! But, in the end, when the struggle was over, she feared she would give in. As she considered the problem in all its aspects she walked quickly, crossed the river by one of its many bridges, and climbed the long hill beyond to the Panthéon.

Doubtless you have guessed that Uncle Felix was not going into Monsieur Bartou's to buy chocolates. Why, indeed, would he do such a gay and festive thing as buy chocolates when his feelings were so upset? No, not even to solace his sister for the loss of a cup and saucer. It was advice he wanted, not chocolates—good solid advice.

He would talk the problem over with his friend, man to man. Like himself, Charles Bartou had never married. There was no Madame Bartou to come in and disturb and unsettle them with her superior wisdom, and no black-eyed children to interrupt them, rushing in from school with noise and confusion.

"Charles," said Uncle Felix when they were comfortably seated on two armchairs, facing each other, "I am in trouble."

"You look it," said Charles.

"And if you can't advise me what to do, I'll go home to Tarascon and leave my trouble here!" At this point Uncle Felix smiled a melancholy half-smile. If your heart is heavy, it is something of a solace to feel that you have made a bright remark.

"Let us put our heads together," advised Monsieur Bartou. And this they did actually, for when they leaned forward together to pool their wisdom, more than once their foreheads knocked together—just as those old houses in Europe seem to do, whose upper stories lean out over the lower until they appear to lock horns across the street.

We can leave them safely there for a good two hours while we go hunt up the unhappy twins. Armand, sent out upon an errand for a tourist, had basely detoured and come out at a point near to the University. There he told himself hotly two things; first, that he *must* have a University course; second, that he would *never* go back on his sister to the extent of having one when she (Continued on page 31)

## Names

BY LEONA AMES HILL

Seeing a planet in the West that burned  
Clear and unwavering as a shielded flame,  
I thought how, on a hill, the ancients turned,  
And spoke together, and gave a star a name.  
I thought of names of things, words winged or slow,  
Lovely or harsh upon the tongues of men:  
The names of cities, London, Jericho;  
Names of lost kingdoms, echoing again  
In some old tune resung; the sonorous words  
That are the names of chapel and of church;  
Heron and hawk and gull, such names of birds,  
And tree names, cedar, tamarack, and birch.  
More than the terse grammarian's frugal nouns—  
Roses and hills and little lonesome towns.

# THE TREASURE OF CASTLE SONNENBERG

By

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

**G**ISELA picked up the last table napkin from the grass and added it to the white pile in the basket. That basket, which Heinrich had woven from willow withes, looked strangely out of place sitting under the tall archway which had served for centuries as the entrance to the grounds of the Castle Sonnenberg.

For many generations Gisela's family had lived on the grounds as caretakers of that ruined castle. Gisela knew that it was written on an old parchment in the *Räthaus* that the members of her family should have perpetual right to the little stone house built near the arch, as well as any gain which might come to them from serving the mineral water from the Sonnenberg spring.

She sighed whenever she recalled the old tales of the region. Once Castle Sonnenberg had been the most important gathering point for the valley. Now only occasionally tourists came to admire the view, and these seldom asked for the spring water to drink; or, if they did, they made terrible faces after the first swallow and set down the glass hastily on the table.

Gisela could not blame them very much. The water from the mineral spring did taste peculiar, though she knew well enough that a very great German doctor had taken samples for analysis and reported that the spring had remarkable medicinal qualities. But nobody seemed to care about that.

*Gisela determined to discover the storied treasure and mend the family fortunes, but she found it hard to unravel the baffling secret*

Illustrated  
by DOROTHY  
BAYLEY



IT WAS A BOX  
—A BOX OF IRON—NOT  
MUCH LARGER THAN A BOOK

"It doesn't matter how good it is for people, if they will not drink it," Heinrich had remarked, a little bitterly. Heinrich was only two years older than Gisela, and the head of the little family of four. It had been increasingly difficult for the boy to provide for his mother and sisters, and he was becoming discouraged.

"It must be that, in the old days, people were not so particular about the taste of the spring water," their mother said. "You know the stories tell that people then came from far and near to drink from the Sonnenberg spring."

"The stories tell, too, that the castle has a hidden treasure," added Gretchen, who was taller than Gisela even though she was younger.

"I should like to find it," remarked Heinrich grimly.

As she folded the last napkin Gisela was thinking of the way Heinrich's lips had tightened and of the misery in his eyes. She was glad that it was springtime, and that she and Gretchen and her mother could bear a little more of the family burden for a few months. For when the tourists poured into the nearby German city, Heinrich would hitch their old white horse to the two-wheeled cart and go from hotel to hotel there to collect the table linen; and, after his mother and sisters had ironed the last piece smoothly, he would return the fresh-smelling piles to their owners.

Gretchen came out of the house and the two carried the basket inside. Siegfried, the cat, came running into the house after them, waving a thin black tail. Gisela stopped thinking of Heinrich and gave herself to the work of ironing. She wished she could iron out the family's difficulties as easily as she could press the wrinkles out of napkins. The three women hurried, for to-morrow there would be another basket of linen to be washed, early in the dawn, and spread on the grass of the tiny meadow that smelled so sweet.



That particular patch of ground had a different fragrance from any other place, Gisela declared, though Gretchen laughed at her and said, teasingly, that she had a very keen nose.

"I don't care," returned Gisela, throwing her long braids of hair, which dangled too close to the iron, over her shoulders. "I think it is the most fragrant meadow in all Germany."

It was dusk when the work was done, and past the usual time for Heinrich's return. Gretchen went to the gate to watch for him, and Gisela and her mother stopped their supper preparations when they heard her calling to them.

"Something has happened to our horse! Heinrich is drawing the cart."

It was all too true. The faithful old horse, that had spent many a cold winter in the makeshift shed beside the house of the caretaker of Sonnenberg, had suddenly stopped that day in the road. And, almost before one can tell it, he had gone to a place which Gisela hoped had a nice warm barn for old horses and a field that smelled as sweet as the little one where she spread the clothes to dry in the sun.

Heinrich was very quiet—and the mother, too, said but little while they ate their meager supper. When it was over Gisela and Gretchen began to realize what the loss of the horse would mean.

"We cannot get laundry any more from the hotels," the mother had said then. "What shall we do?"

"I do not know," said Heinrich.

"Oh," cried Gisela, "if only we could find the castle treasure!"

"You might as well wish for the mineral spring to turn sweet," answered Heinrich, and he went out heavily into the night. His sisters heard him stop by the shed and knew he was looking at the empty stall. Without a word their mother caught up her shawl and followed him. The girls knew instinctively it was one of those times when only a mother might give comfort.

As they silently cleared the table, they heard the two going up the familiar path toward the castle. Whenever things went wrong, the family

turned their steps upward toward Sonnenberg. Perhaps it was because, from that summit where the valley lay below them, their own troubles seemed smaller; or it may have been that the very peacefulness of the scene before them was healing.

Gretchen was the first to speak. "What can we do?" she asked her older sister, as she wielded the dish towel. "There must be some way we can help."

"But how—?" asked Gisela helplessly.

"Oh, dear, I don't know. If only we *could* find the treasure! Of course the story is silly, but—"

GISELA turned toward her. "I wonder, sometimes, if it *is* silly, Gretchen. I know what people say about old tales being only foolishness, but, just the same, they often hold some truth. It surely won't do any harm to search. Let us go over every stone in the castle. Let us hunt in every inch of ground."

"And dig up your sweet-smelling field, I suppose," laughed Gretchen. It was a relief to have something to laugh at.

"Well, perhaps not *every* inch," qualified her sister. "But we can hunt. It won't do any harm. And it may be that—"

"We shall find an ancient treasure, jewels and gold beyond all measure," chanted Gretchen.

At the sound Siegfried came over, purring loudly, as though to tell them he would help, too.

Gisela looked serious. "I have a feeling we shall find it," she said solemnly.

"Then your feelings must be almost as good as your nose," said Gretchen, but she was impressed in spite of herself.

The girls spent the next day doing the final laundry. It was necessary to hire a neighbor's ox to draw the cart all the way back to the city, so there was little enough profit from their work. After that there was plenty of empty time. Heinrich found work in a neighbor's fields, but this would be temporary. What would happen when that work was finished no one knew.

Every morning, when their daily tasks were done, Gisela and Gretchen went seriously into the business of treasure hunting. Siegfried followed them about, purring and curving his tail curiously at their actions. Not a stone which the girls could reach in the castle but was pushed and pulled at.

"There might be a treasure hidden behind any one of them," Gisela had explained, a little breathlessly, as she climbed towerward up the rickety stairway. "The walls are certainly thick enough."

But they found nothing. They talked then of getting the ladder from the arbor, and of using it to go down into the



IN SPITE OF HER AGE, GRANNY HUBER CLIMBED, EVERY SUMMER, UP THE HILL TO THE CASTLE TO LOOK OUT OVER THE VALLEY

dungeon. For there were no stairs now leading into that gloomy place. They even managed to open the great trap door, by pulling with all their might at the iron rings on either side. The dungeon below was smelly and dismal. A scurry of some small creature there definitely decided them against exploration, though Siegfried displayed great interest in the sound.

In fact, Gisela had to push the cat aside with her foot, and, keeping one eye on Siegfried, jerked her side of the door so that it did not fall evenly, and did not quite cover the hole. However, it was only a few inches out of position, and, as their mother called them just then, the sisters hurried through the big outside door of the castle, taking Siegfried with them. They were feeling discouraged and depressed.

In their next free time they went to the Fragrant Meadow as Gretchen had teasingly named it. There they were more cheerful. They dug up one corner thoroughly, but Gisela grew distressed at the thought of destroying "all the lovely smelling plants."

"Surely," she declared, "no one has buried a treasure here."

So they turned their attention to the wall running from either side of the arched gateway. Examining it, they found many a loose stone, but no treasure.

"Something seems to be missing to-day," remarked Gretchen suddenly, looking around. "What can it be?"

"Who is getting funny feelings and notions now?" teased Gisela.

GISELA AND GRETCHEN  
SAW HER COMING AND  
HURRIED TO MEET HER



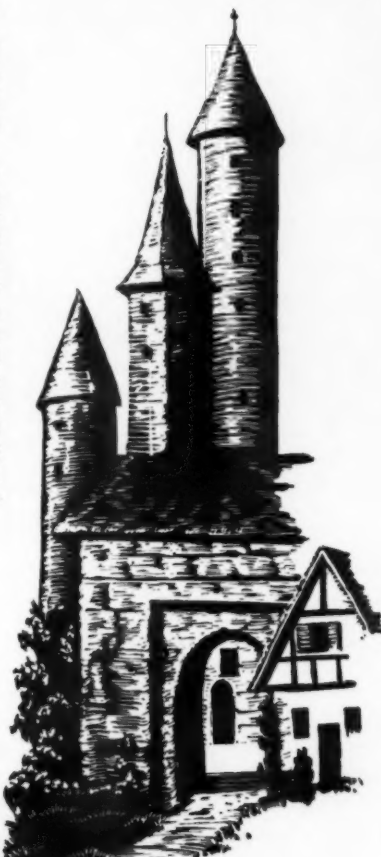
"Poof, no funny feelings at all. The only trouble is I miss Siegfried. I am so accustomed to hearing him purring, or feeling him rubbing against my shoe. I wonder where he is?"

"He was at the castle with us, the other day," answered Gisela. "He's probably exploring somewhere and will be back by evening, licking his lips as he usually does after his absences."

But nothing was seen of Siegfried that night—or the next day, for that matter. By the second day, the two girls were much worried. "It was bad enough to lose the horse, but we simply can't spare Siegfried," Gretchen fretted.

"I suppose he has gone hunting *Rheingold* like the rest of you," smiled their mother, for she had easily seen through the girls' secret.

It was Gisela who found out where Siegfried was. In the morning she had slipped away by herself to go to the castle and look out over the valley, at the hillsides terraced with vineyards, at the silver river winding in and out beneath them, at the bright roofs of clustered houses and barns sur-



rounding courtyards where she knew the comfortable hens were busy scratching in the straw.

As she stood there, leaning against a tree, she heard a faint sound. Surely it was Siegfried, mewing. But where was he?

"Gretchen!" she called and soon Gretchen was beside her, listening carefully. They tried shouting to their pet. Siegfried responded, but still he did not come to them.

"How silly we are!" declared Gretchen at last. "He is in the castle. You know sometimes the wind blows that little side door open."

"And shuts it again, too," agreed Gisela.

But the door was not shut. It stood wide open and, plainly enough, they could hear Siegfried mewing. He was in the dungeon.

"Jumped down there after a mouse, of course, through the crack we left open. The provoking cat!" scolded Gretchen. "We will have to get the ladder now."

The two of them managed the heavy ladder used for gathering grapes from the high arbor. It was hard work bringing it up the path and they were breathless by the time they had hauled it inside. Finally they removed the trapdoor and thrust down the ladder into the dungeon. Fortunately it was long enough.

"Come on up, Siegfried!" called Gretchen, peering down.

"Come, Siegfried!" urged Gisela. (Continued on page 49)



BRITISH GUIDES ON THE OPEN ROAD



FRENCH GUIDES WASHING  
THEIR CLOTHES AT CAMP



IN CIRCLE: AMERICAN BOY  
AND GIRL SCOUTS MARCH  
PAST THE COLORS BEFORE  
A CATHEDRAL IN PARIS, IN  
THE FIRST OF THEIR AN-  
NUAL CHURCH PARADES, AS  
INTERESTED SPECTATORS  
CROWD TO WATCH THEM



AT RIGHT  
CLEAN



THE GIRL GUIDE UNIFORM IN IN-  
DIA'S CENTRAL PROVINCES IS A  
NAVY BLUE SARI WORN GRACE-  
FULLY OVER A WHITE BLOUSE



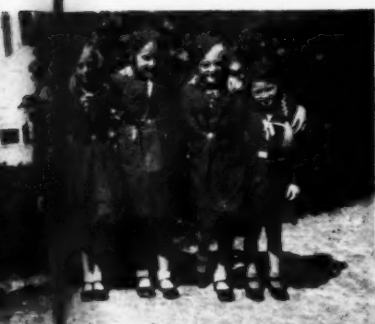
AT LEFT: GIRL GUIDES OF THE  
WHITE HEN COMPANY OF UGAN-  
DA, AFRICA, WEAR BRIGHT BLUE  
UNIFORMS WITH SEA-GREEN TIES

"BY THE RIGHT OF MY BROWNIE WINGS"—AT  
LEFT: A SMALL BROWNIE ON THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE WORLD—IN FAR-AWAY NEW ZEALAND—  
"FLIES UP" TO JOIN HER GIRL GUIDE COMPANY



four corners of the earth  
 hands between  
 SCOUTING  
 natural good will

AT RIGHT: TWO GIRL GUIDES OF GREECE  
 CLEAN UP, SCOURING IT WITH SAND



FINNISH SCOUTS IN REGULATION UNIFORMS, WEARING PEASANT BONNETS

WHITE OF DAN-  
 DIES, EACH IN  
 IT UNIFORM

SEE A PARTY  
 OF SCOUTS  
 INFORMATION



SWEDISH GIRL SCOUT CAMPERS  
 PERFORM THEIR KITCHEN KA-  
 PERS AT THE EDGE OF A LAKE  
 AND MAKE A MERRY TIME OF IT

ELIZABETH, THE NEW QUEEN OF  
 GREAT BRITAIN AND EMPRESS  
 OF INDIA, IN THE UNIFORM OF  
 THE ENGLISH GIRL GUIDES



THREE GIRL SCOUTS FROM  
 CHINA SMILE A FRIENDLY  
 GREETING TO THEIR SIS-  
 TER SCOUTS EVERYWHERE

AT RIGHT: THE GATEWAY  
 TO A CHINESE GIRL SCOUT  
 CAMP WITH A STRAW DRAG-  
 ON GUARDING THE ENTRY



BLACK AND WHITE REPRODUCTION OF  
 A COLORED POSTAL FROM THE FIRST  
 TOKYO COMPANY OF GIRL GUIDES,  
 SHOWING THE JAPANESE GUIDE IN  
 NATIVE DRESS AND IN HER UNIFORM



TENTING TONIGHT  
 ON THE OLD CAMP  
 GROUND IN CHINA



WHERE THE POLISH GIRL SCOUTS CAMPED



EVA, HERSELF

# IN OTHER L



## ADVENTURE of a POLISH SCOUT

**N**EW YORK, NEW YORK: In the sky studio of the Pension Krese, in Kosow, Huculi, Poland, I met Eva Matusvenska, sixteen-year-old daughter of a Polish general. This charming girl was spending six weeks in Kosow in order to study peasant art under Marya Werton, a Polish artist who is well-known here in the United States. Eva is talented. She has acquired skill and she has done some excellent designs of peasant art. When I learned that she is an active Girl Scout, I asked if she had had any experiences that she thought American Girl Scouts would enjoy reading about.

As everywhere else in Europe, war clouds, black and ominous, hang over Poland. The Girl Scouts are taught much about preparedness. Not only is first aid treatment emphasized in their instruction, but the girls are taught how to use gas masks and how to protect themselves against the horrors that may come to the land I saw covered with gorgeous wild flowers and beautiful wooded farms.

Eva seemed to me a perfect exponent of the breathless age in which we are living, and in which the youth of every country plays such an important part. In answer to my question, "What is the most exciting experience you ever had?" she answered, "The most dangerous adventure I ever had was in a flooded district not far from the Carpathian mountains."

Last year, she told me, there was a great deal of friendly rivalry between the camp she attended, and one located nearby. It seems that, at the base of the flag poles where the Polish eagle proudly floats every day, they kept carved images—wooden roosters—as camp mascots. Now, if a girl could sneak into the rival camp, especially after dark, grab the rooster and carry it back to her own camp, great honor was bestowed upon her. But if she failed—if she was caught—she was given an extra dose of kitchen kapers.

As a rule two girls are on guard at one time, and the guard is changed every two hours. One time when Eva was on duty, she heard, just before dawn, an ominous crackling in the undergrowth, the rustling of leaves, and the snapping of branches. She pounced out upon a moving figure, expecting to capture a girl from the neighboring camp, but, instead, she found herself clutching the arm of a startled mountaineer.

This man had been sent to warn the Girl Scout leader. There had been a cloud-burst several miles away. Eva's camp was directly in the path of the flood dashing down from the headwaters of a little stream close by. Already there had been great damage and loss of life.

"You must hurry," Eva heard the mountaineer say when she had conducted him to the Scout leader. "Get the girls away from here as quick as you can."

"And do you know," Eva said with great pride, "when our leader gave the order to break camp, her voice was so controlled that not one of the girls suspected for a moment that she was giving orders for more than a camp drill?"

"By this time it had already begun to rain," she went on, "and before the tents and everything else were piled into our long ladder-wagon, it simply poured. Most of the girls thought it very foolish to drill in such a downpour. There were thirty-two of us. We walked along be-

HIGH JINX AT CAMP ARE ALIKE THE WORLD OVER

hind the wagon, following the stream which was rising and spreading rapidly, until we reached the bridge.

"As we were crossing the bridge, which would take us to a village on the other side of the stream, we saw splintered houses and barns, trees and boulders, bounding along on the surface of the fast widening water. Then a bloated hog floated by, and a peasant woman, face down.

"Suddenly, the bridge was ripped from its foundations. It was crushed like an egg shell. The horses, the wagon, all thirty-two of us were hurled into the water. One girl was so terrified that she could not swim, although she was one of our expert swimmers. She was nearly drowned. There was terrible confusion. We were all mixed up with horses and camp paraphernalia, and we were all carried downstream.

"At last we bumped against a piece of wooded land that jutted out into the water. It was still raining in torrents, but we finally managed to get safely ashore. All of us were chilled to the bone and our teeth chattered.

"In that part of the country, there are only vast estates, with old, old homes built centuries ago, and handed down from generation to generation. These are miles and miles apart and there are dense forests between some of them. In winter hungry wolves pester the landowners. They often kill cattle. Once in a while, it is said, they kill a man.

"My mother," continued Eva, "and lots of other mothers were very anxious about us. At first they sent telegram after telegram trying to locate us. Then they sent our aeroplanes with food, but the pilots couldn't see us anywhere. For forty-eight hours we trudged on and on. We were hungry and tired, too, yet in a way it was fun!

"Newspapers were filled with all sorts of horrible tales about us. Almost everyone believed we had been drowned. Finally we came to a big rambling house on an enormous estate. The owner of this estate and his wife were at home. They took us in and had their cook boil eggs, fry bacon, and warm plenty of fresh milk for us. We were terribly cold and simply famished.

"By the time we were dry, and a little rested and well fed, it had stopped raining. Our host and hostess sent us in wagons to the nearest telegraph station. The operator let each one of us thirty-two girls send a message ourselves to our parents."

Eva paused for a moment, then she added, "All Girl Scouts in Poland know the telegraph code."

Helen Cory Bliss



GIRL GUIDES OF MAIDSTONE, ENGLAND, WHO TOOK THE ROLE OF AMERICAN GIRL SCOUTS AT THE KENT COUNTY RALLY

# R LANDS AND PLACES



A LUNCHEON AT PAX, THE HOME OF THE BADEN-POWELLS, WITH THE CHIEF GUIDE, HER DAUGHTER, AND MRS. STORROW

The following account of the Girl Guide Rally held at Knole Park, Seven Oaks, Kent, England (by kind permission of Lord Sackville) on July 11, 1936, is taken from a diary kept by Orianna Van Dyke of Beaver College, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania.

## A RALLY AT KNOLE PARK

We met at Charing Cross and rode to Seven Oaks with some charming Guiders from India, Canada, Australia, Ceylon, and other parts of the British Empire. After arriving at Seven Oaks station we walked an English ten minute walk (which always means half an hour to us) and finally reached Knole Park, with its lovely lawns, great trees, fields, and dearest little speckled deer with tiny fuzzy antlers. We ate lunch under a big tree and then it began to sprinkle. We packed up the remains of the lunch for future use and took our beautiful engraved invitation with all our names on the back, to a gate where we were given the most scrumptious seats possible. We were just three rows back of the Queen of Roumania who was sitting in a wicker chair placed on a large red rug. Near her sat her daughter, the Princess Ileana, in Guide uniform; and behind her, Lady Deering, who was entertaining the Queen during her stay in England.

We could see very clearly the raised platform in the middle of the field from which a Guider broadcasted what was going on, and, in a ceremonial wheel around the platform, were over nine thousand Girl Guides and Guiders in uniform. At a given signal over nine thousand little blue International flags were raised in the air and violently waved, as if the wind had suddenly stirred up a very calm blue ocean. All marched in the wheel formation before Lady Baden-Powell who stood and saluted them, then they followed their colors around the platform to the other side of the field. It was a glorious sight as the flags, followed by a bobbing field of blue, disappeared behind a group of trees, to reappear again in perfect formation on a hill overlooking the field.

The Chief Guide of all Girl Scouts and Guides shook hands with a number of crippled Guides, and then came to be presented to her Majesty, who, instead of remaining seated as she had done when others were presented, very graciously rose and went a few steps forward to meet Lady Baden-Powell.

Then the rain came down. In fact, it poured, and—thrill of thrills!—the very tent the Queen rushed for was the one in which we took shelter. So there we were, Queen and all, under a large white tent, with the rain beating in all around its edges. We felt highly honored at the opportunity of being so near a queen. Two of the party were actually squeezed to her side.



PATROL LEADER

GUIDER

BROWNIE

Most of the English Guides played games through the downpour, and, when it stopped, the Rally continued with a pageant of Guiding round the world, in which thirty-two towns took part, representing a full troop from each of the thirty-two countries where there are Girl Scouts.

## ARTS AND CRAFTS of MEXICO

MEXICO, D. F., MEXICO: Girl Guiding is comparatively new to Mexico. We hold our meetings every Saturday afternoon, and many subjects quite new to the average girl living here have been introduced through the medium of proficiency badge work and competitions. Charitable work is done, taking the form of making clothes for the deserving poor. Last Christmas the girls collected over six hundred articles of clothing and distributed them.

As a background, the company chose to follow the ancient Aztecs, and the patrol names and emblems are taken from the famous and beautiful Aztec calendar stone. We have eight patrols bearing the Aztec names for Eagle, Deer, Horse, Jaguar, Flower, Wind, Crocodile, and Dog. This Aztec background affords great scope for decorating purposes as there are some fascinating key patterns obtainable from the carvings on the stones of the Aztec temples which lie in ruins in and around this city.

The native arts and crafts are interesting and varied. The Guides learn basket-making at the meetings, but unfortunately the other crafts cannot be taught, as yet, owing to the difficulty and expense of getting the Indian craftsmen, who usually live out in the surrounding foothills, to come to the city for short periods. Like the red Indian, the Mexican makes wonderful rugs and baskets, not to mention belts, pottery, horsehair work, and glass; and he is a perfect marvel at using his hammer-headed fingers for making miniature replicas of the full-sized article—not to mention the dressing of fleas, and the embroidering of unbroken eggshells. All Indian articles are highly colored, natural vegetable dyes being employed. Magenta red is the Indians' delight, set off by a little scarlet and orange—the mixture sounding terrible, but in reality giving a surprisingly attractive effect.

The women are marvelous at draw-thread work and embroidery, laces, and wool work.

The fibres of the various cacti found throughout the republic are used for endless purposes, such as making ropes, bags, and matting, while the palm leaf provides the native with his sombrero, his mackintosh, the roof of his house, his bed, and many other smaller necessities, also.

I enclose two sets of drawings, done by one of the Guides, which represent a Guide patrol leader, a Guider, and a Brownie.

The second set shows the *China Poblana*, the most typical of Mexican costumes, an *India* (native from the hills), a *Tehuana*, (native from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec) and a male *Indio*, carrying his basket.

Evelyn M. Bourchier,  
Captain First Mexico Company Girl Guides



CHINA POBLANA



AN INDIA

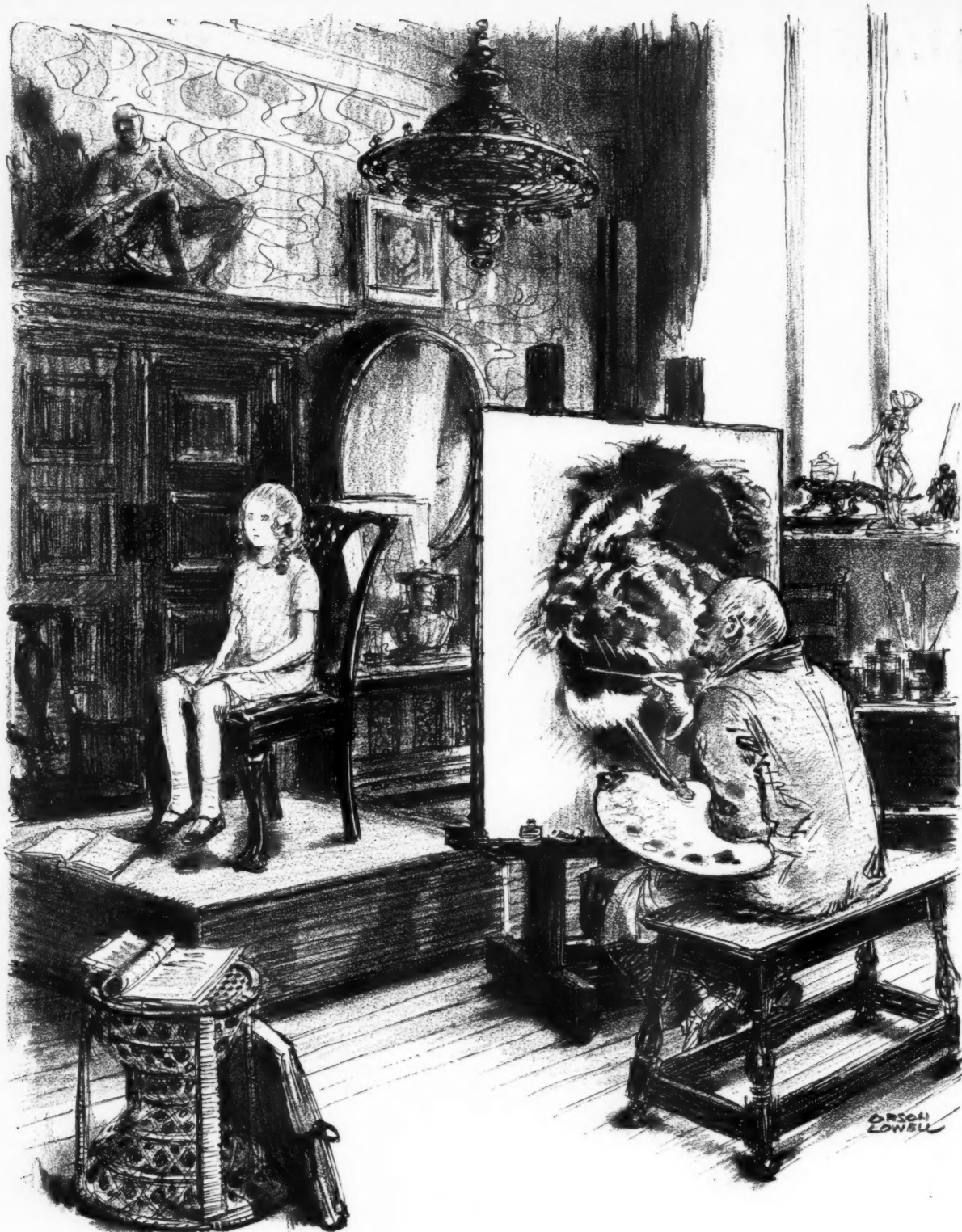


A TEHUANA



AN INDIO





## THE NUTCRACKER SUITE, II

DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL

*For the caption that best reveals what this picture is about, we will give a book as prize. See page 32 for rules.*

# MARIANNE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

couldn't. But, when he added up these two statements, their sum seemed to be nothing but a zero of indecision. He knew she wanted the student life as much as he did. And yet—here he drew up to one of the University buildings and watched happy students with arms full of books, hurrying up and down the broad stone steps, and in and out of the great doors. They were not laughing and chatting and joking as students do at Harvard, or Princeton, or Chicago, or California. French youth is made of soberer stuff. They know the sacrifices their parents have made to give them an education, and they act accordingly. Yet youth is youth, everywhere, and they were animated, if not boisterous. Armand crossed over to a corner bookstore where a group of students had gathered like a swarm of bees. He pretended to be deeply interested in a tray of secondhand books that stood out on the pavement, but, in reality, he was listening to their talk. Then, suddenly, there was Annette beside him.

Annette had delivered the handbox, and then she, too, had detoured to take in the University. But now her steps were quick and her face bright, for the most delightful thing in the world had happened to her—she had had an idea! And now here was Armand and she could impart it to him.

"Armand," she cried, "come with me!" She drew him forcibly away from the bookshop, and dragged him along to the Luxembourg Gardens, near at hand. Here they sat down on a bench in a quiet corner.

"Listen, Armand!" she said.

Armand listened. All about them, a little subdued by the lawns and flower beds, sounded the noises—not to say roars—of the great city, from the automobiles with their shrieking horns, to the barking of dogs in doorways, the miaowing of cats at the mouths of dark alleyways, the twittering of millions of sparrows among the chimney pots upon the roofs. Only Athens is noisier than Paris.

Presently Armand and Annette rose up from the bench, shook hands solemnly but happily, hurried across the river, and arrived each at his, or her, place of work. Neither was well-received. The porter at the hotel berated Armand for taking an hour for a half hour's errand. "One would think," shouted the porter, "that you were a centipede, and that you had to attend with care to the placing of half your feet and the lifting of the other half. Zut! What is the world coming to, when young men are such time-wasters? Not a nimble-footed lad among you!"

Annette, too, had to put on as bold a face before Madame Reynaud as she could, for the three young trimmers had their noses in the air and disapproval in their faces while they took their dainty, almost invisible stitches. She felt a bit subdued, but even so she smiled to herself as she bent over her work. Had she not settled the problem for herself and Armand?

When Madame saw that smile she stiffened, and said coldly, "I did you a kindness, Mademoiselle, and you have repaid me by wasting my time. Time is money!"

Annette bent her head still lower. All the rest of the day the clock in the workroom dinned into her ears, "Time is money, time is money!" sixty times for every minute, which you will (Continued on page 40)

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## THE RULES for the NUTCRACKER SUITE CAPTION CONTEST

For the caption that best reveals what the picture on page 30 is about, a prize of a new book will be awarded. Brevity will be a point in favor of any caption. Each competitor may send as many as she chooses. Please print captions and include *only* your name, address, age, and date on the same sheet of paper. Address your entries to the Caption Contest Editor, c/o THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter this contest. Entries must be mailed by February fifteenth.

## GIVE A SKI PARTY



Photograph  
by courtesy of Den-  
nison Manufacturing Co.

*With skiing so popular, you will make a great hit with a party like this one described by ANNA COYLE*

**F**OLLOW the ski trail to a rousing start! Bring the mountains to your own party table! Delight your ski-minded friends with the timely decorations shown on this page! A ski slide makes a lovely centerpiece for a party table from which to serve refreshments following skating, skiing, hiking, or an evening of indoor games.

Use a white crêpe paper table cover, with a runner of red lace-edge crêpe. Make your candle holders of clear cellophane and green crêpe paper, using contrasting red candles. Fashion the ski dolls of red, blue, green, and white crêpe paper, on wire frames. Make a snow slide of white crêpe paper.

The foundation of the ski slide centerpiece is made of heavy cardboard, measuring 10 inches wide, 18 inches long, and 4½ inches high at the back, sloping to the level of the table in the front.

This forms a box that will hold favors, with ribbons extending from each favor through a square opening at the back of the ski slide.

To cover this cardboard foundation, use a whole fold of white crêpe paper, stretch entire length and crush (while flat on the table) with the tips of the fingers, doing a little at a time. After the crêpe has been crushed, stretch it out a little and paste it on the top and sides of the ski slide. The ruffle on the edge of the box is a strip of crêpe paper, 3 inches wide, cut on the edge to look like icicles, and gathered on the other edge and pasted around the top of the ski slide.

On the slide is a boy on skis. The boy's head is made by crushing tissue paper into a hard ball about 9 inches around, and 2½ inches high. This ball is covered with apricot crêpe paper and the face is amusingly painted in water colors.

The framework of the boy's figure is made of two heavy wires, each 13 inches long. This makes the body and legs. Hold wires together with spool wire, 5 inches from the top, and spread the legs apart slightly. Bend the wires 1 inch from the bottom for the

feet. The blue crêpe paper trousers are made full and held with a spool wire a little above the ankle. The sweater is a straight piece of white crêpe paper rolled twice over a smooth stick, about the thickness of a broomstick, and crushed in a downward motion. The sleeves of white crêpe are done the same way, except on a thinner stick than the other.

A strip of red crêpe paper, 2 inches wide, is drawn around the neck for a scarf. A fine fringe of yellow crêpe paper is cut for the hair, and a circle of red crêpe is pasted on one side of the head for a jaunty hat, with a fringed white pompon on top. The arms are made of heavy wire, all in one piece, each arm measuring 9 inches in length.

Skis are made of a half-inch strip of silver cardboard, measuring about 7 inches long. Crush two small pieces of white crêpe for the leggings, in the same manner as the crushed arms, except on a still smaller stick. Paste oval pieces of black shiny cardboard over wires for feet. Fasten the feet of the doll in the center of the skis, with a spool wire, and through the cardboard slide, holding the doll in place.

The doll favors are made in the same manner as the large ski figure, but on a smaller scale, measuring about 6½ inches in height.

Perhaps you would like suggestions for games and stunts for your party. Or, perhaps, you want additional party suggestions. In either case, you will find what you need in one of the smart new party books that give easy directions for decorations, stunts, and games, for every month in the year.

Between the gay covers of one fun-making book I know, you will find plans for timely parties, such as a lively cruise party, with nautical decorations; a June masquerade; a dog-day party for August; a top-hat party with a formal atmosphere; also St. Patrick's Day, Valentine, Fourth of July, and other holiday parties that are entirely new and different.



# LOST SHEEP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

feeling her way with her feet. The road should be here somewhere. It could not be far away. Mispah had taken just a few steps off the way, it seemed to her, when he had begun to buck.

But she could not find that grey ribbon which the French had laid across the desert. It was suddenly as though the teacher, on whom she had played such a trick, had taken the road along with her.

The terrifying realization came to the girl that she must have wandered in the wrong direction. For a moment she stood, with the sand beating against her veil, frozen with fear at what this might mean. She must walk in the direction from which she had come. She must make her way back by her footprints in the sand. But her footprints took her only a few feet back across that wavering course; then even these were lost to her. She must push on. It was not only the danger of being left here alone, she thought, but the shame of getting lost upon the desert. She, a daughter of Arabia, getting lost!

Gasping for breath, she labored on. For every step she took, she seemed to slip back two. Then darkness suddenly closed in upon her, and exhaustion, but she had not found the road. She recalled fearful stories of the desert, of people walking in circles for days, tales of people whose tongues and lips became black from thirst and who finally died, raving maniacs, upon the sands.

Then her thoughts followed her camel home. If only he would go to the house in the village, but, in the mood that Mispah was to-day, it was more likely that he would stop outside of the city at the camel pasture. Old Ali there would believe that she, in passing, had sent the beast to him while she continued afoot into the city.

At home, her own people would believe that she had gone on to the oasis. Knowing how well she knew the desert, they could not think otherwise. And Mademoiselle? What of her? She also was lost. Perhaps she would be lost for days until this storm was over, but she had water in the goatskin and food in the bags. By the time Mademoiselle Marie found her way back to the city it would be too late to send help to Tharzah. The desert, by that time, would have claimed another victim.

Tharzah sank down upon the sand, turning her back against the wind that whipped the stinging particles against her. Suddenly, she saw herself as she really was. She had planned that a fate only a little less miserable than her own present one, should come to a person who had shown nothing but kindness towards her. Even when the storm had overtaken them, it was Tharzah, not herself, of whom Mademoiselle Marie had been thinking. It was the girl's safety that she was anxious about—that is why she had thrown the line so that they would not become separated. Tharzah experienced remorse for the despicable plan which had been hers. She had been as bad as Mispah. How clearly she could see that now! Even as the camel had rebelled against her authority, so she had rebelled against the wishes and plans of her teacher.

With darkness had come a chill which penetrated to the very marrow of Tharzah's bones, but, in spite of this, she was growing thirsty. The sand about her drifted higher. Finally,

## Everybody needs PEP

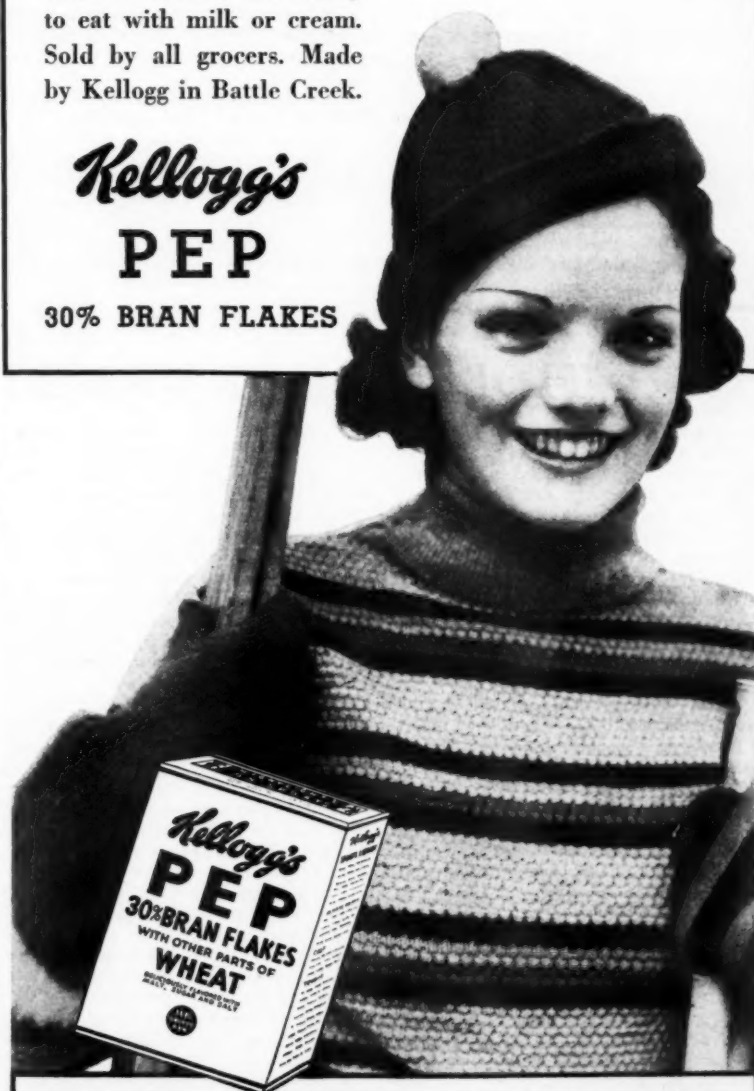
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spent with weariness, she sank down into its depths, resigned to fate.

In the meanwhile Mademoiselle Marie had reached the city. When she found the trailing saddle bag, she was beside herself with horror for she thought the line must have pulled the bag off the camel of Tharzah, and that she had ridden on without knowing.

She went at once to the home of the girl and told of the fearful thing which had happened. The father of Tharzah smiled in his beard. He recalled the remark made by the girl when she rode away that afternoon. She had said that she and her teacher would not ride back together. This, no doubt, was what she had meant, for well enough he knew that she would never tie a line to a saddle bag.

"Fear not for the girl," he said blandly. "She knows the desert in storm or sunshine, and has ridden on to the oasis."

"But I can't be certain of that," declared the terrified Marie. "Since it is my fault that she is lost, I must go back and look for her."

"Be at peace," he answered. "Return to your school. When the storm is over, Tharzah will be here."

"I dare not wait until then," cried the other in desperation. "It might be too late. If you will not go with me, I must go alone."

"But you are French. You could not find Tharzah in a storm. If she has wandered off the road, no one can find her until the storm is over."

"She is a girl," Mademoiselle Marie said to herself, "and women mean nothing to these men of Mohammed." She guided her camel away from the door. Returning to the school, she filled three goatskins with water and, snatching up a bagful of dates, she set out to the eastward again.

A mile beyond the oasis of Tamarind, the

French had a fortress. She must ride there and get the soldiers of her people to help her find this girl before she should die of thirst upon the sand.

Fatmeh, the patient one, shut her eyes against the storm. Her feet felt their way along a hidden path which she could not see. She did not know why she was going, but she knew that her mistress would not have set her upon this way if there were not reason for it.

Slowly they moved, with the stinging darkness close about them.

To Marie, who trusted to the camel and knew not where she was going herself, the hours seemed endless before she discovered a red haze against the darkness, and found herself beside a fire.

"I am seeking the oasis of Tamarind," she cried above the shrieking of the gale. "Must I ride much further before I get there?"

"You are before the gate now," came the reply, and the next moment she saw the blurred face of a man whom she knew to be a shepherd by his headbands.

"I am seeking the house of Sheik Talal. Can you direct me there?"

"It is difficult to direct anyone in a storm. I will accompany you." So, taking the patient Fatmeh by her tasseled bridle, the shepherd led the way.

"The girl has not been here," said the sheik, in answer to her questioning.

"Then we must set out at once and look for her. She is lost upon the desert," cried Mademoiselle.

"It is impossible," replied the sheik. "No one can find her on the desert until the storm is over." If he had felt that the girl was in danger, his reply would not have been so indifferent, but he knew Tharzah as an expert rider, and also knew that she would not be

above playing a trick upon this foreign woman.

Marie turned away. "I am riding out to the fortress," she told the shepherd. "If you will ride with me and show me the way, I will pay you ten francs."

"With pleasure," replied the old man, mounting his little donkey. A few minutes later, the two were escorted into the fortress.

"Yes," said the commander when he heard Mademoiselle Marie's story, "this is not merely a matter of a girl getting lost. It is a matter which involves French policy here."

At once soldiers were sent out with flares and bugles. They came upon the lost girl some time after midnight, and it was a silent and subdued Tharzah that returned with the men.

With the new day the sand storm subsided somewhat, so that it was possible for Mademoiselle to ride back to the city with her pupil, in time for the opening of school. After the morning exercises were over, Tharzah asked if she might speak to the girls. Rising to her feet she told them of the events of yesterday.

"Had it not been for Mademoiselle Marie, I should never have been found alive," she declared. "Now, as I stand here telling you this, I wonder how it has been possible for me to have been so blind to all her kindness. I hope that you, my schoolmates, will forgive me for the unwholesome influence I have wielded over you in the past, and believe me when I say that I am sorry and ashamed for all that I have done."

Mademoiselle turned her eyes towards the window. Tharzah was plainly enjoying the dramatic quality of her apology—nevertheless it was apparent to the teacher that she had gained a staunch ally. With the ring leader on her side, it would be easy going, henceforth, in the school.

## HIGH TIDE IN NORMANDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

on one cheek and then on the other. And oh, the color of silvery melons and golden pears and green-and-purple figs, piled high, and the cheeses from Camembert and Pont-l'Évêque! And what was her amazement, when she peeped beneath the hood of a perambulator, to discover, not a baby, but six disgruntled hens, neatly covered with cretonne! France was one surprise after another.

Aunt Anne had given them a list. *Raisins, fromage, laitue, pain*, it read. Betsy had almost forgotten that "*raisins*," meant grapes, but, with a little assistance from Eloise, she completed their purchases herself, buying cheese, lettuce, and bread. Eloise was a thrifty Girl Scout; she wouldn't let anyone get the better of them in a bargain.

The following days passed like a dream. The French Girl Scout proved to be a real "light-bearer" to the American Girl Scout in a strange land. When they went rowing, or swimming, or hiking together there were so many questions Betsy longed to ask that she would fairly explode into French, and she found the real studying she had done in French at home helped. She began to understand, she began to speak! It was wonderful, she thought, to be a Girl Scout. You could be set down almost any place in the world and find girls who played the same game you played, who believed in the same laws.

All was peaceful on the Côte de Grâce until one afternoon when things began to hum. It wasn't the *mascaret*, but the arrival of the Peckham twins, and their coming was as un-

expected as the hens in the baby carriage. It was the day Mr. Lockridge left, to return to America, and Betsy was trying to forget his going. She and Eloise were watching the sardine fleet, as it came slowly through the sunset with colored sails, and decks silver with fish. Beside a stone cross on the beach, wives and mothers awaited in silence the return of their men-folk. Suddenly Betsy heard an agitated American voice. On the other side of the pier, the steamer from Havre had just landed. Glancing over, she beheld the twins and their grandmother.

"Now you listen to me!" that lady was telling the bewildered taxi man. As though, Betsy thought, if she spoke distinctly enough, he would understand English. She ran across the pier, followed by Eloise.

The boys gave a whoop and pumped Betsy's hand until she winced. Mrs. Peckham greeted her with almost desperate relief.

"You don't know what I've been through," she said, "with these boys running all over Paris. I thought we'd be arrested."

"It's been so hot," cried Peter, the one with the most freckles. "We've been longing for the old swimming hole back home."

"I'll bet you have!" agreed Betsy. "Well, you must come and swim with us. That is, if your hotel isn't too far from the house my uncle has taken."

It proved to be a fashionable hotel on the coast beyond the villa. Now Eloise made its name clear to the taxi man. Stout and dignified, Mrs. Peckham got into the taxi.

"Your father had spoken of this place," she told Betsy, "and I decided to bring the boys here and keep them in the provinces until their school starts in Switzerland."

"We'll be seeing you!" shouted the twins, their heads out of either window of the taxi.

The girls turned to each other and laughed. And the next morning Aunt Anne went with Betsy to call on the Peckhams.

"They're nice boys," the girl explained beforehand, "only they're bursting with energy, and traveling is cramping to their style."

"I see," said Aunt Anne. And she gave them a cordial invitation to tea, for she guessed her niece was missing her brothers.

Betsy would never forget that tea party! The boys came early and swam and plunged to their hearts' content. When they were dressed again, they discovered Sweet William chewing cud in the pasture and pounced on him. The next thing Betsy knew they had lifted the goat to the steep roof of the villa.

"Don't!" she shouted. "That's cruelty to animals!"

"Watch and see!" said Jack. "Goats love to walk about on steep places; they're the most sure-footed animals alive."

Sweet William did seem to like it up there. He ran up the roof and began nibbling ivy off the chimney, his little beard swishing happily. Betsy was so relieved that she laughed in spite of her disapproval, and then Mrs. Peckham's taxi rolled up the drive and she ran to greet her. When she had helped their guest off with her wrap and seated her

on the terrace, Uncle Tom and Aunt Anne came out and Eloise brought tea. So occupied was Betsy it never occurred to her that the boys, who were seated awaiting food, had left the goat on the roof. Besides, a red awning cut off her view of Sweet William.

It was when Aunt Anne began pouring the tea that he walked across the roof. Betsy looked up and, with her heart in her mouth, discovered there was no more ivy left on the chimney. The older folk were happily oblivious that a goat hung over them! She was on the point of announcing the predicament to the assemblage when Eloise came out of the door, bearing a *brioche*, a beautiful French coffee cake, on a plate. Sweet William smelled it and saw his mistress. The next minute he leapt off the roof into the awning. "Crash!" His sharp little hooves split the red-striped canvas. Then he regained his footing and jumped to the terrace.

"*Ma foi!*" The French girl cried, and the *brioche* rolled down the terrace. With a bound, Sweet William secured it, and that was the end of the *brioche*.

Uncle Tom had nearly bitten his cigarette in two, and Mrs. Peckham had rocked back and taken out her smelling salts, for she had missed, by a few inches, having a goat in her black satin lap. Now she turned to the twins. "Which of you put that animal up there?" she demanded.

"It was my idea," confessed Jack.

"I'm responsible, too," said Peter, and they apologized politely to Aunt Anne.

"I'll pay for the awning if it takes all my money," Jack added.

And Aunt Anne accepted their apology graciously. "I'm sure you did not understand goats," she said, "and, as for the awning, if it were mine you need not pay for it—frankly, it was getting a little rotten anyway. But as it is not mine, you'll have to ask the landlady about having it mended."

It turned out that the owner demanded a brand new awning, and Jack was what he called "financially crippled" the rest of his stay in Normandy. But he was a good sport about it, Betsy noticed, and forgave him, though Eloise did not understand these American boys, and soon had occasion to be distressed by their pranks again.

It happened, one afternoon, that the four of them went up to a farm on Mont Joli to buy some pears. The pear trees were trained like vines against the walls, but apple trees had no care, and their fruit was runty. Eloise said it was because the apples were used only for cider. All along the road great blackberries, as large as Betsy's thumb, dangled from hedges. She and the boys ate until their tongues were purple, but Eloise would have none of them. In a lane between two farms some apples had fallen to the ground, and now the boys each picked one up and bit into it.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Eloise. "But that is stealing!"

"Stealing? To pick up these runts that would lie here and rot if we didn't eat them?"

"But they are not yours," said the French girl, shocked.

"You see, it is not done here," Betsy tried to explain.

After a few hasty bites, the boys threw down the cores. "At home you're welcome to windfalls," said Peter.

"When in Rome, do as Rome does," Betsy told them.

A moment they walked along in silence, then Jack, burst out, "If one mayn't pick up these runty apples, why is it all right to eat the blackberries that (Continued on page 37)



## THERE MUST BE A REASON

why women in all walks of life pay, year after year, more for Venus Sanitary Napkins. There are many other brands that cost less, but these women who value protection with real comfort and true economy prefer Venus.

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## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### THE WORLD'S BEST KNOWN GEORGE

On the twelfth of next May, staid old England will give itself up to wild rejoicing. For, on that date, George the Sixth—proclaimed king after Edward the Eighth abdicated—will be formally crowned.

The coronation will be the final ceremony in the lifting to world renown of as shy a man as ever sat on England's throne. As the Duke of York he attracted little public notice save when he married Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, who had lived, up to that time, in the most famous of all Scotland's castles, Glamis Castle, the scene of King Duncan's murder in Shakespeare's play, *Macbeth*.

The duke was known as Albert—"Bertie"



to his intimates—and not as George. He seemed well content that his name was seldom "news." This shunning of the spotlight was due, in part, to a stutter that sent him into agonies of dread every time he was to make a speech in public. (One of the words he couldn't pronounce was "king"!)

Though so diffident, Albert had every right to self-assurance. As a sub-lieutenant, in charge of a gun crew aboard the dreadnaught *Collingwood*, he distinguished himself in the battle of Jutland during the World War. Later, he became a skillful and trusted pilot in the Royal Air Force.

Unless he and his queen have a son, there is every probability that their ten-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, will one day be queen of England. Little Elizabeth, known as "the Empire's sweetheart," is a blue-eyed, fair-haired child, spilling over with health, mischief, and zing. She's so fond of animals, it seems likely that, if she becomes queen, every dog, cat, and horse in Great Britain will get his innings.

### DODGE THAT COLD!

Among the ancient Romans it was considered the height of bad breeding for anyone to blow his nose in public. Rome's climate was—and is—milder than ours, so our social rules can't be so stringent. But the American who sneezes or coughs—thus sending millions of germs into the air—without benefit of handkerchief to cover his nose or his mouth, is being definitely unfair to others.

This truth, long known, is hammered home anew by some recent pronouncements on colds by Dr. Victor G. Heiser. Incidentally, he calls attention to the fact that monkeys in zoos have "Monday colds" from Sunday's coughing, sneezing sightseers.

In reviewing the work of scientists who've been searching for vaccines against colds, Dr. Heiser brings us the discouraging news that, so far, nothing really effective has been found. But he assures us that we have reason to hope the discovery of a cold preventive isn't far distant.

Experiments made by Dr. A. Raymond Dochez, of Columbia University, make this prophecy plausible. Dr. Dochez has succeeded in keeping the common-cold virus alive, in test tubes, for twenty months.

That sunlight kills cold germs has now been definitely proved; also that fatigue reduces resistance.

### BIRDS KNOW THEIR FRIENDS

In England, a little boy named Charles E. Jones fell and broke his hip. As a result, he lacked normal strength when he grew up. But there was also a strange and beautiful consequence—he became a veritable wizard with wild birds. Moving to Vancouver, in Canada, he established a wild-bird sanctuary there. Many of his specimens, even the rare exotic ones, he has brought up by hand, from the moment of the first crack in the incubated



egg. The winged orphans have rewarded him with such trust that they eat out of his mouth, alight on his friends, his dogs, his horses, and even his cats! His bird haven is a priceless boon to student ornithologists.

Quite as astonishing is the work of Mr. W. F. Britt, of Shreveport, Louisiana. As a boy on a Texas farm, Mr. Britt began rescuing and taming wild birds that careless hunters had wounded and left to die. He enlarged his collection by putting quail and kilddeer eggs under hens, first protecting the eggs from breakage by placing them in tin snuff boxes.

Now, in his park in Shreveport, he has uncaged canaries that enjoy flying to the nearby town, giving it the once-over, and winging their way back. And he will tell you of an old goose he trained to go possum hunting with him!

### NORWEGIAN NIGHTINGALE

A flawless voice thrilled thousands at the December opening of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. It was the voice of a woman from Norway—Madam Kirsten Flag-



stad—voted by music lovers the greatest of all living Wagnerian sopranos. She sang the rôle of "Brünnhilde" in *Die Walküre*.

"From the moment I step on the stage," says Madam Flagstad, "I am conscious of nothing but the music."

Her lack of self-consciousness before an audience is carried into her private life. In traveling she takes no personal maid, and an unostentatious suite at a hotel is all she requires. She will have a piano installed, hang up a Norwegian flag to give her a touch of home, but nothing more. Her clothes, like her manners, are charming in their simplicity. She is never exacting about working conditions, though she has made faint protest about "Gram," the horse in *Götterdämmerung*. In private life he's called "Babe." During the performance he is constantly and hopefully nosing the folds of her gown, for sugar!

Madam Flagstad has a daughter—Elsa—in her 'teens. The future must decide whether or not the girl—who is markedly musical—will sing. "She is strong and healthy," says her mother, "and that is a good foundation."

### LAUNDERING DIRTY AIR

A promise of a bit of new magic comes to us from the University of Illinois. Professor H. F. Johnstone and Mr. A. D. Singh, both of the University's faculty and both chemical engineers, have been working on a process to "scrub" the air that dwellers in cities breathe.

Their plan is to eliminate sulphur chloride and other poisonous gases, bad for the lungs. The method of ridding the air of poison results in the gathering of great stores of sulphur—a most valuable by-product. The air conditioning is to take place at smoke-belching industrial plants, where, in great towers, polluted air will be forced through a solution of sodium sulphite at a rate of a million and a half cubic feet a minute.

The work of Professor Johnstone and Mr. Singh has now reached a point where scientists are taking it seriously.

# HIGH TIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

really are worth having? It's not logical."

Eloise looked at him sadly. "Normans do not care for the blackberries," said she. "Our Lord was crowned with their thorns."

The old farmhouse they approached was built of oak beams and plaster, its garden ablaze with autumn flowers. Eloise knocked and they waited before the open door. Within, the floor had been newly scrubbed with sand until its broad boards shone white. A carved oaken chest stood black against it, and burnished copper pots hung about the walls. The farmer's wife came around the house in *sabots*, her skirts gathered up behind. She herself was not walking on her newly-scrubbed floor, but she invited them to enter, even though their shoes were dusty.

"No, thank you," they chorused in French, for the boys were learning French, too.

Eloise explained that they had come to buy pears, and the farmer's wife led them to a tree against a sunny wall, where they picked the luscious fruit. Somehow Betsy wanted to take that old farm into her memory and keep it forever. Out of its roof grew iris leaves, like green swords against the sky—to absorb dampness from the thatch, Eloise explained.

"Thank you, young ladies! Thank you, young gentlemen!" said the farmer's wife, and they departed with their basket full of pears, which Eloise insisted upon carrying, to the indignation of the boys.

"Oh, dear!" thought Betsy, "the boys aren't really dishonest; this is an international misunderstanding!"

They were going home past the little church of Norte Dame de Grâce. Outside the church, peasant women knelt upon the grass; pilgrims, they had come from along the Norman coast to pray for the safety of their men-folk during the *masquerade*. Beyond their black dresses and white-winged caps spread millions of acres of gently flowing sea. Would that smiling blue gather itself up and pounce like a tiger on the frail boats and slant-roofed village houses below this hill? Eloise set down her basket and knelt also. Betsy bent her head and the boys removed their caps.

Within the little church, Our Lady of Mercy wore a crown and necklace of purest gold, studded with precious stones. At her feet the peasants had laid their humble offerings; embroideries, laces, carved wood, and the little ships old sailors love to place in narrow-necked bottles. Betsy belonged to another church, but reverently she lit a candle and dropped a coin into the box. Peter did likewise and slipped Jack a coin.

But the "international misunderstanding" was to increase. Next day it was raining, and Peter made what seemed to be a happy suggestion. "What do you say to visiting the pastry shop?"

"Fine idea," growled Jack, "for those who aren't financially crippled!"

"Come on—my treat," said Peter magnificently.

So, down the hill, they went to the village. In slickers and rain hats they minded the downpour not at all. The narrow streets had been washed clean, not alone by rain, but by scrubbing and poured water. Fish smells had disappeared; to-morrow was Sunday.

The turbulent Seine was pouring rich silt into the channel, the (Continued on page 39)



A FEW months ago, a telephone switchboard had to be moved from one building to another—and the telephone company decided to perform the task while the operators continued to work. For there might be a fire, or some one might need a doctor... many things could happen and result in serious damage or inconvenience, if the telephone service were temporarily closed.

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## MAKE A TYROLEAN JACKET

By  
**ANNA COYLE**

**T**HE freshness and gayety of Tyrolean colors and designs are seen everywhere in sports wear this season. You simply must have a hand-knitted or crocheted jacket, scarf, gloves, or beret in vivid Tyrolean hues to complete your school, or sports, outfit.

Outstanding among the designers of these picturesque sports accessories is Lanz of Salzburg, whose original creations have delighted the eyes of the American public. We are fortunate in giving you here a jacket designed by Lanz. It is hand-knitted, in a close fitting ribbed stitch, and embroidered in typical flowers and hearts. It may be made in black, white, dark green, dark brown, navy blue, or red, trimmed with a band of bright green, and embroidered in contrasting colors.

*Tyrolean Jacket—Size 16*

1 pair M. M. No. 4 Needles—14 inch.

Scale: 5 stitches to 1 inch; 5 patterns to 2 inches; 7 rows to 1 inch.

1 No. 2 Steel Crochet Hook.

9 Balls—Navy blue yarn 4-fold saxony or shetland floss.

1 Ball bright green yarn 4-fold saxony or shetland floss.

PATTERN: (Multiple of 2).

Row 1—Slip 1, k. 1, \*Y. O., slip 1, k. 1, repeat from \* across row.

Row 2—Slip 1, K. 2 together, \*Y. O., slip 1, K. 2 together, repeat from \* across row, ending Y. O. slip 1, K. 1.

Repeat Row 2 for entire jacket. The Y. O. and slip st. are counted as one st. throughout blouse.

**Back**—Cast on 66 sts. Increase 1 st. each side every inch 5 times (being careful to keep pattern even), then every ½ inch 5 times. When work measures 8 inches from start, bind off 5 sts. at the beginning of each of the next two rows, then decrease 1 st. each side every other row 7 times.

When work measures 7 inches straight up from the bound off sts. at underarm, bind off 4 stitches at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then 5 sts. at the beginning of each of the following 6 rows.



Bind off remaining 24 sts. for back of neck.  
**Right Front**—Cast on 32 sts. Increase 1 st. at underarm edge every inch 5 times, then every ½ inch five times. When work measures 8 inches from start, bind off 5 sts. for underarm, then decrease 1 st. at same edge every other row 9 times. When work measures 4 inches straight up from the bound off sts. at underarm, bind off 10 sts. at front edge.

When work measures 7 inches straight up from the bound off sts. at underarm, bind off 4 sts. from armhole edge every other row 2 times, then 5 sts. every other row 2 times. (All sts. have been worked off.)

**Left Front**—Work to correspond to Right Front.

**Sleeves**—Cast on 36 sts. When work measures 2 inches from start, increase 1 st. each side, then increase 1 st. each side every inch 11 more times.

When work measures 18 inches from start, bind off 5 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows. Decrease 1 st. each side every other row 15 times, then every row 5 times. Bind off remaining 10 sts.

Sew shoulder seams; sew sleeves in place; sew underarm and sleeve seams.

With green, work in S. C. up Right Front, around neck, down Left Front and around bottom. Continue in this manner being careful to mitre corners, until there is 1 inch of S. C. Now work 1 row with white, working a loop for button 1 inch from bottom. Work 4 more loops 3 inches apart up Right Front.

**Embroidery Designs:** Embroider flowers and heart in simple, straight stitch, and the stems in the overcast stitch. Use bright green stems and leaves, and the following colors in the flowers:

1—Flower, scarlet and cardinal, with black, white, and green French knots in center.





2—Flower, royal blue, and colonial blue, alternate stitches, with canary-and-white French knot center.  
 3—Flower, white, with canary yellow center.  
 4—Flowers, baby blue and colonial blue, with canary and scarlet French knot centers.  
 5—Flowers, rust and orange.  
 6—Flower, canary, with center of canary and bright green French knots.  
 7—Heart, scarlet, with white and orange flame, joined to base with bright green.  
**Tyrolese Scarf:** A hand-crocheted scarf in bright green, finished at the edge with red, and embroidered in the Tyrolese designs shown here, is effective. Make it in a double crochet stitch, with the rows going across the scarf. It should be 36 inches long, 3 inches wide at the narrowest part in the center, and then gradually widened to 7 inches at either end. The designs are scattered across each end.

## HIGH TIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

estuary—yellow, grey, and olive green—was flattened by rain. Eloise pointed to a sandbar. "That's the *ratier*," she said. "It is a good place to play in fine weather, but when the *mascaret* covers it, it is a menace to boats." "By the way," enquired Betsy, "when is that wretched tide due?"

"Any day now. Any day the fishermen may be in danger when they go forth to earn their bread," Eloise's eyes were anxious.

A moment they stood on the pier, looking solemnly out at the *ratier*; then, with a cheery whistle, Peter led the way to the pastry shop. Pastry-making is an art in France, and the array of delectables spread out in this little shop was dazzling. Strawberry tarts, tarts of peach, apricot, and cherry, eclairs, *baba-auburn*, *bricques*. And there came the beaming baker, bearing still more trays.

"The way to do it," said Eloise, "is to take a plate and fork, and help yourself. The baker will keep count."

The baker almost needed an adding machine. Peter began with a strawberry work of art and kept on and on until the girls became worried and lured him out on the pier. But even out there, where the old men sat fishing, teeth clenched on pipes, Peter would return to the pastry shop. And, every time he emerged, he had a tart in his hand. Once Betsy saw it was chocolate, next a pear swathed in syrup, then a duplicate of that one.

"Come on!" she said firmly. "I'm going home!" Then Eloise raised her eyes disapprovingly, for out came Peter again with a cocoanut creation.

"He will have large regrets!" she said sternly. Now she blamed the twins for lack of thrift, and even suggested that Peter had acted like a pig—a pig being the worst thing you can call a person in French.

And, of course, Peter did have "large regrets."

"He's laid up," Jack announced next morning. "He had an awful stomach ache in the night. Granny thought it was appendicitis till he told her about the tarts."

Being "financially crippled," Jack guessed, had been the salvation of Jack.

Betsy was rather busy next morning, help-

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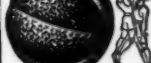
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ing Aunt Anne with her various tasks indoors. Once she heard singing out on the water and ran to the windows. The boys were taking their grandmother for a row, close to shore, this fine morning.

"What shall we do with a drunken sailor,  
"Early in the morning?"

It was an old sea chanter they were singing, and their grandmother was not taking it personally. She had raised her purple parasol and settled back with her newspaper.

"Wa-a-y, and up she rises,  
"Early in the morning."

Leaning out of the window, Betsy joined in the chorus, as she had heard the Sea Scouts sing it at home. The boys raised an oar to her, then she forgot all about them.

But, about noon, when Betsy again looked out of the window, the sky looked strangely black and blue, like a great bruise, and the sea appeared to have been slapped flat, as by a giant hand. She called Eloise, who took one look and cried, "*Le mascaret!*"

"*Mon Dieu!*" she added, shielding her eyes with her hand, "What is that out on the *ratier*?"

"It's—it's a purple parasol!" faltered Betsy, feeling faint.

Eloise crossed herself and ran downstairs, Betsy at her heels. Out on the terrace they ran into the twins, who had just drawn up their boat.

"Where is your grandmother?" Betsy demanded.

"Out on the *ratier*," said Jack. "She said she wanted to be left in peace, so we took her out there. She's got a folding chair and the latest edition of the *Paris Herald*, and she's having a grand time. She said to come back for her at lunch time."

"We'll have to get the life guard!" moaned

Betsy, "and he's a mile away. Oh, boys! Don't you see, it's the *mascaret*! Any minute it will cover the *ratier*."

Uncle Tom was off somewhere in the car. Eloise was babbling French to Aunt Anne, who looked with anguish toward the purple parasol, a quarter of a mile off shore. Just then a cannon boomed. It was the coast guard's warning of danger. Up on Mont Joli a bell began to toll, the ancient warning from Notre Dame de Grâce.

"Life guard, nothing!" shouted Peter, white beneath his freckles. "We'll get Granny ourselves!"

And, before Eloise could detain them, the twins had jumped into the boat and were pulling with the steady pull of Sea Scouts for the *ratier*.

Hurrying home, Uncle Tom took in the situation at a glance, and drove out again at top speed for the life guard. Standing as though frozen to the terrace, Betsy did not take her eyes off the steadily moving rowboat. Would the boys make the *ratier*? And if they did, would they ever get back?

Tears rolled over Eloise's round cheeks. "The poor boys!" she said. "I have misjudged them, but, *ma foi*, they are brave, and good navigators, too."

The French girl had many friends and relatives in danger that day, for the fishing fleet, which had not ventured far, was trying to sail home. But the colored sails hung limp and the wind had died. The girls could see the fishermen crowding on more sail, even resorting to oars.

"Pierre is there," cried Eloise, "and Antoine and my uncle! My father I lost in the *mascaret*."

The rowboat seemed to make a snail's progress. The truth was, the boys were making good time, for the sea, though trembling, was glassy. They were three-fourths of the way to the *ratier*, calling to their grandmother

who, apparently exasperated, folded her purple parasol, her newspaper, and her chair, and stood waiting like a queen, while the boys nearly broke themselves in two trying to reach her.

"Hurrah!" shouted Betsy presently. "They've got her."

But would they make the shore? Eloise looked doubtful. Now the water seemed to be sucked from the land, and, out on the horizon, a great wave arose, soaring skyward. Too late for the life guard! The boys were halfway back, an eighth of a mile still to row. Some of the fishing fleet had motors, which they had managed to start. There was a roar in the distance, the *mascaret* was coming. Uncle Tom had his family stand on the highest terrace, where the flowerbeds were.

Suddenly Betsy's hair began to blow about her face, she tasted salt wind. That instant the colored sails filled and the little boats began to skim the water. Granny hoisted her purple parasol. Heavens, it was acting like a sail! Just in time, the fishing fleet made the harbor and safety behind the sea wall.

But the rowboat? Perhaps the oncoming wave wafted it before it. No one quite knew. Eloise said it was a miracle of our Lady of Mercy. For, just as the *mascaret* thundered on shore, boys, Granny, and boat were set down in Aunt Anne's best bed of heliotrope. There they were as the waters receded, the boys still rowing furiously.

"Heroes!" shouted Eloise, and, rushing to the boat, she gave each twin a French kiss. That meant two apiece.

"What's all the fuss about?" enquired Jack, dropping his oar and ducking.

Uncle Tom was helping Granny out into the heliotrope.

"Jiminy! Look at that flower bed!" gasped Peter. "Now we'll have to pay for that!"

"No, indeed you won't!" cried Aunt Anne. "That will be charged to the *mascaret*."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

agree is monotonous as the hours drag along.

However, the longest day reaches its end at length. This day, at seven o'clock, found Monsieur and Madame Fremet, Uncle Felix and his friend, Monsieur Bartou, and Armand and Annette sitting around the dinner table in the little home above the bookshop. There was an omelette as puffy as a feather bed upon the table; there was a dish of smoking sausages flanked by French potatoes; there was a crusty roll at each place; and here came Marianne, faithfullest of serving maids, bearing a great gooseberry tart in one hand, and a steaming pot of coffee—the very best silver one—in the other. Naturally, one puts on an extra dish and the best coffee pot for Uncle Felix and Monsieur Bartou.

And now, all being served, there came a silence. It had been expected, and everyone was a bit nervous as to how it should be filled. Armand felt Annette pinching him sharply on the elbow. At once he responded to the signal.

"Uncle Felix," he said, "Annette and I have come to a decision—"

But Uncle Felix, at the same time, was pinched on the knee by Charles Bartou, and he rushed in quickly to interrupt Armand.

"We—I should say I—have also come to a decision."

"We have decided—" began Armand.

But again Uncle Felix cut in ahead. "We—that is to say, I—have concluded that a young man needs a college education more than a young woman. A boy should be edu-

## MARIANNE

cated, but a husband is good enough for a young girl—"

"Ha, indeed!" cried Marianne, who stood behind Madame Fremet's chair.

"Marianne," said Madame Fremet, "mind your manners!"

Marianne retired temporarily to the kitchen, got her manners in hand, and returned to pass the sausages around again, finding safety in action. These were not ordinary sausages; they were some of the famous *saucissons* from the Midi, brought by Uncle Felix as a gift to his sister. He had also brought a bottle of wine, made of grapes and sunshine, but he had been holding this back, thinking to bring it forth when the time came to drink Armand's success at the University. In this he had counted without Annette, who suddenly began pounding on the table with both fists.

"Me," she cried, "I do not want a husband! I despise husbands! And if you, Uncle Felix, will not allow Armand and me to share the money equally, each of us having half of the full University course, we are not going to accept it at all! Is that not so, Armand?"

"Yes," said Armand, "it is. That's what we decided, and we'll stick to it."

"Tut, tut, children!" cried Madame Fremet. "Would you throw away good money?"

Monsieur Fremet, you will note, kept a discreet silence. This was no affair of his. Monsieur Bartou, considerably agitated, drew from his pocket a Victor Hugo of chocolates, and set it upon the table.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"There!" he said. He had the feeling that that would settle everything amicably.

"Listen to me!" shouted a voice. "I will settle this affair!"

Everyone turned in astonishment to where Marianne stood. Marianne, at the high tide of her youth and strength at thirty-six, with scarlet cheeks and flashing black eyes, had the floor. She held the silver service tray before her heaving bosom like a breastplate. She was like a Valkyrie, big and indomitable.

"Why," she asked with angry pride, "should an uncle come here to make trouble, and an uncle's friend throw us a sop of sweets? This is a family affair, and as I have been a member of this family, day in, day out, for twenty years, I have more right to speak than an uncle who comes once in five years, and an uncle's friend that has never been here but this one time!"

Every mouth around the table was half open with astonishment. Even Madame said nothing. The goodly wedges of gooseberry tart lay forgotten upon the plates.

"Look at our Armand and our Annette!" went on Marianne. "They are twins. It is a binding honor to be twins. They are sixteen, the age at which I entered this family. It was I who helped to bring them up. It was I who nursed them in their illnesses and endured them in their naughtinesses. They are twins. Heaven made them so. One is as good as the other. Since I brought them up, I have a right to a voice in their education.

Who can deny me that? And now are they going to be separated? No, I say! Let the uncle give his money which suffices for one, and I will give an equal amount, which will suffice for the other. Presto! They shall both go to the University for the full term! Zut! Have I not put away enough money in twenty years to do that with ease? Of a surety I have. And now let us say no more about it!"

As she backed, panting, into a corner, having said her say, she gave only a passing thought to what she had saved her money for, during twenty years. She saw her life's ambition to travel around the world fade away. She would never now see the snow-

capped Alps, or the broad blue level of the Mediterranean, or the sands of the Sahara, or the deserts of Asia and its teeming cities, or the tall towers of New York, or even—here a very small sigh—the Midi, the garden spot of France. Pish! What did all these things matter?

Meanwhile Uncle Felix had hastened from the room and came back with his bottle of wine. With trembling hand he poured a little into each glass, and, in his agitation, a great deal upon the table cloth. His problem was solved, thanks to this faithful maid. All the world, he felt, was happy. He raised his glass and shouted, "To Marianne!"

Every glass was raised and everyone drank to Marianne. All eyes were misty. Annette, indeed, was weeping openly. *Obé*, how these French people are emotional! A kindly deed sets them all agog.

Marianne set the silver tray down upon the table. As she now neither looked nor felt like a Valkyrie, but more like a simple soul confused by becoming the center of attention, she put on the defense armor of fault-finding.

"Oo-oo-la, la!" she said gruffly. "Will Madame look at the best table cloth—ruined! That uncle, how clumsy he is!"

Then she retired to the kitchen, shutting the door firmly behind her.

## BIRD GROUP for MUSEUM

all Friday night, for remembering that night-  
ingale?

*Lyndhurst, the New Forest*

Dear People,

I've been feeling that I would burst with rapture, but so far I remain intact. Don't be too sure of me, though.

Lee and I motored over here Tuesday, wondering what Lyndhurst would be like. It is more modern than most villages near here, but the inn is charming, with a huge garden. And the Forest is unbelievably beautiful.

After our first luncheon, we walked out to the group location. First we took a winding lane, between walled gardens, to a crossroads, where a row of steep-roofed thatched cottages is called Swan's Green. Then a forest road led to the south. Oh, it is *furiously* lovely! Ancient silvery trees, bronze fern and emerald moss, open sunny glades where the wild ponies graze, and tracts of heather and gorse. Did I say this is the New Forest because it was only about nine hundred years ago that William made it a royal hunting demesne?

Two miles out is Highland Water. At the stone-arched bridge we turn east from the road, and there is Doctor's choice! Three-hundred-year-old beech trees, with horizontal boughs delicately leafed, and dark, dark holly, on the bank of a sherry-colored stream. I can't imagine a more delectable place to work in. But think of trying to *make* it! And a part of the lovely moor goes in, too.

Lee wandered around in the wood, deciding which gnarled trees he wants to paint, and which one shall be reproduced in plaster; and I wandered, too, simply bewitched. Wild doves called in the oak leaves—baby leaves of pale orange and rosy-green. A chaffinch sat on a lacquered holly bough and almost sang his rosy little feathers off. I wanted to sink down and listen to him, but the whole place is drenched from the torrents of rain we've had. So, after an hour of exploring, I left Lee there and went back to Lyndhurst for tea, slightly alert for wild ponies. They do dash so.

*Tuesday*

Raining furiously. I'm writing letters by a cold little fire in the paneled lounge. Rain and rain and the *most* disdainful cat.

The rain slackened slightly at noon so we went out to Highland Water and found a giant beech by a tiny brook. It's uncanny; we could have a witch-hut in its trunk. We sketched there, Lee making pencil sketches of the trunk, which will be modelled in plaster, I painting the entire forest, in my modest way—and you should see the result! It was such fun. We have small camp stools and, in this rain-soaked wood, we slowly sank

deeper and deeper into the leaves. I expected soon to go completely under, like a reversing toadstool. Violets spread everywhere, and the beech trunks were a silvery color, wonderful in the gray mist. It was so delightful. So *cold*. So we left our camp stools and went hunting beech boughs for the group foreground. Of course Lee will have to get all kind of Official Permissions before he can touch a twig, but we chose some twisted branches that might be cut, to sweep across the front of the group.

*May twenty-five*

Dear Family,

I'm sitting in the alcove, after having my after-luncheon coffee in the garden and fighting with the contemptuous cat for my hot milk. He insists on having it, and he is so frightfully used to having his own way.

Darlings, it's such fun to live a gypsy life in a forest, and a life of luxury at the same time. Every morning a stately car takes us and canvases and paints and our lunches and all kinds of odds and ends, to the forest, and comes for us late in the afternoon. The day is never long enough. I want to hold on to every exquisite minute.

Wednesday we went to Brockenhurst, a few miles south, to paint bluebells. Out across a gold gorse moor, bright with wind, we went leaping from heather to heather—it's still very wet, and the little brooks are almost impassable. By the Queen's Bower, of wide-branched oaks, and into this enclosure where bluebells make pools of blue.

I sat under a hedge and read, while Lee painted the skyblue stretches, and we heard hounds, and sometimes riders came past, though this isn't the hunting season. We ate our lunch under the widest oak in the Queen's Bower, squawking at baby birds that squawked at us. In the afternoon Lee painted on the moor, yellow gorse and gray heather and black pines beyond. I found a thick, springy mat of heather, quite dry, to lie on. Great silver and dove clouds drifted over me, a blackbird sat on a spray of golden gorse and sang his golden song, the honey and orange scent of gorse came by in faint breaths, and I got sleepier, and happier, and sleepier. The blackbird was still singing when I woke up.

*May twenty-eight*

You would laugh at our luxury here. We are the only permanent guests—the season is very slow!—and it is quite a responsibility to keep the whole retinue busy. We still have the hot-and-cold-running servants instead of running water. Before we're up, there's a little tap, and "Your hot wat-eh. 'nk-kew!" At breakfast, the head waiter flutters and darts like a dragon fly, and our

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

waiter flutters, too, and the other waiters all flutter slightly in the mid-distance. In the lounge, the hall porter rushes with our *London Times* and would turn the pages for us if we didn't shoo him off.

Yesterday we took a six-mile walk, the road to the Knightswood Oak, and through Mark Ash where the tallest beeches grow. But our first choice is best; these are too uniform. Worth seeing, though—such stateliness, all silver and pale green in the green-gold light. Through some mammoth pines, very drippy and fantastic, a wild horse and her colt, then a black stallion, flashed into the sunlight beyond. It seemed a pre-Eden world, not ours. It is the greatest satisfaction to walk in this forest, knowing it goes on in this way for ninety-two thousand acres. Such an unhurried feeling!

In the afternoon the Deputy Surveyor of the Forest, from the King's House, and his wife, came and took us riding through the demesne. We went to an old manor house with a moat, and were shown seas of bluebells there. Then Beaulieu Abbey, which dates from 1204, and to which I lost my heart immediately. Lovely ruined cloisters, garden recesses, pure curves of stone arches, set in the most unspoiled countryside. It is at the edge of a hamlet that has been kept from any touch of modernity by its owner, Lord Montagu. More forest after that, a rhododendron wood, and a gay tea at the Stirrup Cup, with a wind slanting the gray light outside and a fire on the hearth. Nice day.

To-morrow we go to Southampton only ten miles away, to see the R's and Doctor sail for home. Doctor wants to take a branch of gorse, in flower, back for the preparation department to copy. So, the last possible minute, we'll pluck a large branch and rush with it to the ship. Doctor will have it put in cold storage and hopes it will reach the museum in all its glory.

*Last day of May*

Dear Family,

I'm in the lower garden. The upper garden is very blithe, but this one is shadowed by holly hedges, with holly trees clipped to fantastic shapes and pale pink rhododendrons against ivy walls—it's sweet. Down a flight of stone steps from the upper garden there's a droopy pine tree with a seat. Mine. Around the corner behind a holly hedge Lee has a garageful of enormous wooden boxes which he is slowly filling with accessories. He's in there now, hammering beech boughs firmly in a box. Yesterday the foresters cut the ones we had selected, and brought them in. Lee has made pencil sketches of how they fit together, and numbered them, and now they're being sterilized and packed.





## American Girls Want Curls!

All over the country sub-debs are surprising school friends and "dates" by blossoming out overnight with becoming curly-tops and soft, natural-looking waves. They're training their hair with VASSAR WAVERS, the wonderful new "little green rubber curler" which lets you sleep comfortably. They're keen! Made of flat, yielding rubber, VASSAR WAVERS can't hurt your head or your hair. For long or short bobs. Easy to use. Full directions given for curls, ringlet ends, spiral or croquignole waves. At leading notion counters or send coupon.

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We ought to put millions of mosquitoes into the group, but they're just a passing fancy. The new bracken shoots have unfurled to drifts of green lace under the levels of gold green; Robin Hood and his men ought to come trooping down an open glade. I go around gritting my teeth, it's so beautiful. I only wish we could put birdsongs in the group,

*"Carols of light*

*"From a lovelier kingdom—"*

We have been quite alone, but now the gypsy children have found us out, and trade us flowers for sandwiches. They are pathetic little scraps, not half as cunning as the baby colts that dash across the paths so ravishingly. Besides the gypsy camps, there are stray wanderers, too, now that it's warmer. We saw an old trampster this morning, down by a brook, carefully shaving in a tiny mirror, as immaculate as Park Avenue. It was heart breaking somehow. He had kept so clean.

Saturday we went around a huge square, exploring. South to Lymington, on a lovely estuary, with a glimpse of the Isle of Wight. West to Christchurch, which has the ruins of a castle and abbey by a small river walled from the wide salt marsh. We had tea on a green lawn and watched sailboats walk in the salt grass. Then we went north along the flooded Avon to Fordingsbridge, and east over twilight moors in a roundabout way home.

Well, the swallows are flying all around, and the buttercups are cupping in the meadow over the holly wall, and it's a nice day. I wish that creature would come out of his garage and take me somewhere *right now*. But he is hammering harder than ever. Should I take him a cup of tea, I wonder?

*Wednesday*

Soft and bright, this first day of June. This morning we went to find a gorse bush. The wild horses and baby colts, so ridiculous and festive, were all over the roads. A lapwing tumbled above a daisied meadow more recklessly than ever. Rabbits leaped over bracken, and I wanted to leap with them. I found blue speedwell along the road, such a tiny flower that it makes the violets and prim-

roses seem buxom. We went through green light and windblown shadow, and out on the moor. We're taking a real gorse bush home; there they'll make wax flowers for it. But when you look for a typical gorse bush, you'd be surprised to see how hard a typical gorse bush is to find! I loved having it so difficult. We finally compromised on three, and we're taking heather back, too.

I went to Swans Green this afternoon while Lee was cutting his gorse and getting the last of the primroses to draw in detail. It was a lovely, lazy afternoon. Except for mosquitoes, idiotically active. And, at last, a herd of the ponies stampeded me. Just for pure mischief, I could tell, the rascals. Yes, I am sketching. My things are horrible. I pick out some simple little idea, like tangled vines, holly, wide wafts of translucent beech leaves, gold shimmer and dark pools between banks of intricate fern—you should just see the muddles I achieve. Lee, to go to less important matters, has done the forest background in three large panels. Then a painting of the bluebell wood, and one of gorse and moor. Those are all oils. Water color sketches of the plants.

*June six*

Dearest Family,

May was the wettest on record; June is the sunniest. I'm so tremendously grateful. Lee sketched hawthorns in full bloom this morning. Then we went to the Thatched Cottage for more of the wood carvings of the forest animals.

In the afternoon Mrs. Y. had asked me to tea, so I went to her village, three or four miles off. They have a lovely old house. We had tea on the terrace and I tried riding her bicycle. But it had so many new inventions I began to feel like the White Knight, and so immediately fell off into the tulip bed she had just told me was her particular pet. I really couldn't help it.

Why do they say the English are cold? I think they're the most hospitable people, and not only the ones we had letters to. Why, on our week-end out to Land's End, we changed at Exeter to a crowded compartment and the cold unwelcome quite hurt our feelings. But before the afternoon was over, we were all having a tea party together, and one stranger (she must have been a famous beauty in her youth—she had that alluring arrogance) found we were staying at St. Ives and asked us to tea next day. Her nephew was a famous artist, and we loved meeting the family and seeing the house, an old Crown Holding.

That week-end was fun, though it rained all the time. We saw St. Ives through sea mist; Penzance was far too wet for pirates, or us, or anyone; and Land's End was only a swirl of black rocks and surf. But we saw Gurnard's Head in spite of cloudbursts and wet stone stiles and slippery paths across rain-soaked fields. Pitch-black cliffs that tumbled to white surf and jade whirlpools. Great jags hollowed into caves and crested with masses of delicate rock flowers, pale salmon pink, lemon yellow, hyacinth blue, dripping down the shimmering black chasms. Sea birds flew wildly across the wind and clung to pinnacles far down below us. It was the most lovely *wild* place I ever encountered. It seemed idiotic to put up an umbrella in such a place, but I did, and going across a narrow chasm the wind swooped at it and almost pulled it and me over the cliff. I was scared.

*June seven*

All morning Lee made leaf molds by the brook. Our forest is changing fast to sum-

mer, the birds aren't singing so incessantly. Only the wild doves, and now and then a chaffinch. The tiny sorrels spread above the moss, inch-high; Lee is sketching them. Imagine those minute plants repeated in the group!

In the afternoon a forester helped Lee with the gorse, heather, and holly branches, so I went back to Beaulieu. It was lovely to have it all to myself, between tourist parties. Roses and wistaria showered down the iron gates and shattered arches, the lowest walls were overgrown with grasses and vines. It has a special lost beauty lingering from the past—much more holy than any unflawed church. I explored the little ancient village and had tea at the Montagu Arms.

By a tidewater pool I sketched the old mill house of rosy brick, deep in spring trees, surrounded by dark water and lily pads. It was like a dream to be there. But at last blue misted faintly behind the trees, and I knew I had to leave it sometime. I went back to the Abbey for one last look at the lovely purity of the arches.

*Friday Morning*

Dear People,

Over to Brockenhurst to see about our tickets for the Isle of Wight. Then out the north road, with the birds singing like small Mad Hatters. The grassy river bank was a place for Una to walk with her lion. Quaintly medieval, buttercups sequined the bright grass, kingcups precisely starred the brook bank. The hawthorns were foams of white fragrance, tiny daisies shone immaculate, and the water flowers were snowy drifts in the gold-dark stream. Una should have come by in a white robe, with the lion as bright a yellow as the kingcups. I sat down on the sunny grass and waited for her contentedly.

Later I met Lee at the group place. We've been collecting great sheets of moss for the ground and tree roots of the group, sheets and fascinating, plump pin-cushions. Lee dries them and soaks them in formalin, and they will be retinted later. Suitcases of moss seem awfully silly when you're wading waist deep in fern thickets and it's hot. So we stopped here to rest by the bridge. It's very pleasant. The mosquitoes have stopped biting and just light dreamily on my hand.

*June fifteen*

Gathered more moss yesterday, (so we aren't rolling stones!) and withered bracken, fallen leaves, and beech hulls, to scatter on the group groundwork. We even chose broken twigs, gloating over our special lichen ones.

Then I went with Mr. and Mrs. Frost to the pine woods, mysterious and witchlike, at Hartley Water. (How I love all these names! Have I mentioned God's Hill, and Jacob's Gutter Lane?) We met a gamekeeper and Mr. Frost asked about adders. I hadn't known adders were plentiful or dangerous here. The keeper said there weren't many *here*; the *worst* place was Brockenhurst Moor. That, darlings, is the place I've slept in so often.

The garden has gone quite desperate with roses; the condescending cat has been taking walks with me to smell the pansies, which are really so big they frighten me. The afternoon isn't half long enough; we're asked out to dinner and I have to dress early. I begrudged that Bournemouth day, too, though it was delightful. That is the kind of thing we can have at home. This New Forest experience isn't. The unbroken beauty of these days—we can't have them again. Don't accuse me of not being realistic! I've told you about the mosquitoes and the cat; those are

really the only flaws. And, to my shame, I'm beginning to like the cat.

*June twenty*

Nice day with Mr. Lodge at Camberly. He will make sketches of the way the birds should be mounted and placed in the group—he is a famous painter of English birds. Lee gave him pencil sketches of the group's arrangement, and he was quite appalled at the number of birds assembled in such a small space.

He and his sister have a small cottage, with a pine garden where blue titmouses—or titmice, which is it?—squeak all day long. Mr. Lodge is a great authority on falcons—his paintings of them are glorious—and he has all the falconry paraphernalia, the little hoods, and so forth. He and Lee worked in the studio and I gardened with Miss Lodge, and felt quite the English countrywoman. (Till the cider blew up at lunch and Miss Lodge insisted that had never happened before and it was all due to the explosive Americans.)

*June twenty-one*

Our last field trip to the forest. We leave

to-morrow for Scotland. We went far into the woods, and got leaves of beech, holly and primrose, to preserve in formalin. Then we made a special journey to our most ancient beech, to say good-by. I had a real ache in my heart.

Another garden afternoon while Lee put the leaves in formalin. I can't help with that; the fumes are too strong for me. I did go out after ivy leaves for Lee, to Emery Down, climbing a high brick wall to a deep meadow, and so to the wood edge. Not really into the forest again. That's over.

The ivy is to twist up the trunk in the group. I've begged for ferns, too, but they came late and Lee won't allow it. The group is to have the green-gold spring light that the forest first held—of course I'd rather have that, if I must choose. But surely there were some precocious ferns then.

The beech is to be on the extreme right of the group with moss deep on its roots and trunk. Around it, the primroses and bluebells will rise, and in the background are the

beeches and the brook. Then, on the left, the forest opens to moor and, in the foreground, will be our gorse bushes and heather. In the background the beeches give way to hawthorn and the forest fades into distance.

When I got back with the ivy leaves, the shipping people had come for our eleven huge boxes of forest spoil. The oil paintings, watercolors, and pencil sketches are to be left here till we sail. It was such a melancholy feeling, seeing our forest carted away, that we ran off and took a bus across the high down to Fordingsbridge. There we found a tea place on the flooded river and had high tea, clotted cream and strawberries, while we watched the green flood sweep past the drooping trees, down to the arches of the bridge. The white water flowers were like tiny Ophelias, half submerged in the swift rush. Swallows flew low. It was perfect.

*June twenty-two*

Our last morning. We just had time to walk to Swans Green for a sketch of a sorrel plant. Wood sorrel means joy.

## HOUSE BY THE ROAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

quietly at the foot of the bed, guarded by her husband, "but you don't know what it is to get an idea out of that child's head, once it's got in. And acting so about that dress, after all the money I spent! You'd think she'd be glad to look decent, for once. I'm sure I don't know how we'll plan out—"

"Easy, Mother, easy!" Jerry interrupted good-naturedly. "Just you take it easy, now, can't you? Let her do the planning out, why don't you? She'll have to, pretty soon, you know."

Miss Hartless patted Irene's strong, brown little hand on her knee. "I was thinking," she said, "that somebody— whoever owns that dog—must be missing him."

Irene's eyes widened.

"I thought, if your father should take him out, he might find his way home," Miss Hartless went on, "and then you and I could go to a pet shop I know about, and pick out a puppy for ourselves—a cocker spaniel, or a Scotty, or whatever you liked, to come and live with us. The dog is rather big for the apartment I'm in."

Irene drew a long breath. "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" she breathed.

"And if Irene plays in the park with her dog, or skates," Miss Hartless went on, "she'll be more comfortable in a smaller hat and a plainer dress, Mrs.—Cousin Mary. We might get some play clothes, while we're out together."

"Just as you say, of course," Mrs. Hartless said stiffly. "If it's all settled, it's all settled. I'm not one to interfere, if Jerry thinks best. Only, mind, Irene, none of your tricks, now! Keep away from the scissors."

Jerry laughed, and Irene hung her head.

"That's all right, Jerry Hartless, laugh if you will," his wife persisted, "but if you'd heard her laying down the law to me about how, if she was going to agree to stay behind, she was going to cut off that lovely long hair I've taken such pains with."

"None of that, you scalawag!" her father ordered sharply, but Miss Hartless said, "If I am to be the judge, I should say, have Irene's hair bobbed at once—if she wants it so much. It is easier to take care of, and more girls wear it short than long, nowadays. I think it would suit her, too, it's so thick and wavy. Would you object very much, Cousin Mary?"

Mrs. Hartless swallowed and frowned and twisted her work-roughened fingers, but her husband laid his own powerful hand firmly, though not unkindly, over them.

"From now on, Miss—well, Cousin Ida, then!—you're the boss, see?" he said. "You've taken the job, just like we've taken ours, and if we can hold up our end, the way I can see you're going to hold up yours, there'll be no complaints from anybody!"

"You go out with Irene, Cousin, and buy what's right, and do what's right, and there'll be no kick coming from us. Ain't that so, Mother?"

"Well, if it's to be, it's to be," said Mrs. Hartless, sighing. "I only hope Irene'll mind you, Cousin, if she's to have everything her own way, that's all!"

"I think she'll mind me," said Miss Hartless. "Shall we start out now, Irene, and find our puppy?"

The glorious week that followed made such an impression on the child's mind that nothing ever quite effaced it. The memories of those crowded pleasures spread like ripples in a pond, and widened, blurring and melting, till they seemed to encircle her life.

The charming little apartment, where she had her first luncheon with her aunt, belonged to a friend of Miss Hartless, who had lent it to her for her vacation. Aunt Ida now rented it for the spring from this friend, who was in England, and Jerry Hartless nodded briefly when his new cousin explained to him her plan for taking Irene to England for the summer.

"My friend knows some pleasant American families who are in England now," she said, "and the children will make good playmates for Irene, when we all come back. Then I plan to put her in a nice school for girls I know of; and when she's old enough, let her start in at the best school in New York. It's expensive, but we can save on other things; and even if your plans don't materialize, it will do no harm to have gone there, if she has to leave."

"She won't have to leave," said Jerry Hartless, "and I'd be glad if you'd see that she has everything the others have—clothes and whatever. Whether she likes 'em or not," he added meaningly.

But he was to hear no further quarrels on

the clothes question. So delighted was the child with the simple, handsome wardrobe she found herself choosing with her aunt's quiet help, that she skipped in ecstasy from purchase to purchase, convinced that she was selecting everything. She laughed gleefully at every snip of the barber's scissors that left her heavy, dark waves loose over her ears and cool about her neck; and when she and Daddy went for a walk in the park, with the affectionate little cocker spaniel which had been their first purchase, bounding and pulling at his new leash, Aunt Ida was so firmly connected in her mind with all these wonderful things that she easily accepted the idea of not returning at all to the hotel.

In the days which followed, Mrs. Hartless, confused with all the new experiences, a little in awe of Aunt Ida and depressed with a troublesome cold, spent most of her time crocheting by the open fire in the living room of the apartment, where books and flowering plants brightened the changeable spring days. She would arrive in the middle of the morning, share their luncheon, then return to her collar-and-cuff set, while Irene played with the dog.

Her early supper Irene ate alone, to her parent's surprise, at a little table in the window. Aunt Ida urged them to stay and talk, while this meal went on. During its progress the child chattered happily, curling up with the spaniel later, to be read to from a story book, while her father and mother went home to their own dinner at the hotel. So passed the fortnight which remained before Jeremiah Hartless and his wife sailed for South America.

Irene had no photograph of her father and mother for a long time after they sailed. Miss Hartless had suggested that one should be taken before they left, but Jerry Hartless had shrugged this away.

"I'm a poor hand at that sort of thing," he said, "and Mother's all stuffed up with this cold—she wouldn't hear to it. We'll attend to it down there, I guess, and send it up. I'm too rushed, just now, anyway. But I won't forget when the time comes."

"Of course, of course," Aunt Ida agreed hurriedly, "whenever it's convenient. I only felt that—"

"You don't want her to forget us," Jerry said. "I know, and it's mighty fine of you,

Cousin Hartless. I appreciate it. The kid'll be proud of her daddy, yet."

The first pictures that arrived were snapshots of an active man in riding clothes and wide-brimmed hat, sitting his horse firmly, or standing with his dog near some spreading, tropical tree, or flowering giant vine. Feather fans and carved ivory chains, bead-woven scarfs and quaint boxes of sweet-smelling wood amused and pleased the child, who found the short notes that accompanied them all they should be, and wrote back the latest news of her school and her dog, in her father's own brief style. After several months a new photograph took its place on the mantel over the fireplace in her bedroom. A thin woman with big, tired eyes looked out of the silver frame, muffled in fleecy shawls, propped against cushions in a long wicker chair. Her vague smile was the only connection with Mrs. Hartless, in Aunt Ida's recollection, and Irene frowned thoughtfully as she studied the picture.

"Mother?" she questioned; then added, "Oh, yes. I suppose she isn't strong yet."

For Mrs. Hartless had fallen an easy victim to the ever-lurking fever, almost on her arrival, and messages sent through her husband were all they received for a long time.

WHEN Jeremiah Hartless and his wife had been gone four years, and Irene was ready for the famous school she was to enter at last, Mr. Hartless made a flying visit to New York, on his way to England; and Irene's surprise at the handsome, portly gentleman was based, her aunt felt certain, on his difference from the horseman and hunter of the snapshots.

"Daddy's fatter," she said simply, and Jeremiah Hartless laughed and patted her dark head, very near his shoulder now.

"I'm not much in the mining district any more," he said. "Vice-presidents sit behind desks, girlie, and don't get much exercise. And even your mother's put on weight. Our cook's kind of a genius, you see."

It was about the longest speech he made while he was with them, for he spoke in short, bullet sentences—the words of a man who expects to be obeyed.

"Feel you've done enough traveling?" he asked Aunt Ida, later.

"I do think that a settled home in the summer would be better, Cousin Jeremiah," she answered. "When you come back for good, you can decide—you and Cousin Mary."

"Mary's not much good at deciding—never was," he answered. "Glad you feel that way, though, for I've just bought a place in the country. Thought you might lick it into shape for us. Give you something to do, if the child's to go to school as a boarder next year. You'll want occupation."

"But—but—when you're here for good, you won't want me any longer, Cousin Jeremiah. I had thought—"

"Stop thinking, Cousin Ida," he said, fixing her with his bright, dark eyes. "Irene'll always need you. I can see what you've done. Just what I hoped. Keep it up, will you?"

Irene was enchanted with Hartslea, the country estate which was to be her settled home. Her dog, her horse, her canoe on the pond, were all that any growing girl could dream of, and her new school was a second home to her. If Aunt Ida regretted the nickname she received there, which stuck to her all her life, the wise, kind woman never battled with it, and Jeremiah laughed whenever he heard it. "Irene Mary Perlee Hartless" was the somewhat remarkable name her

mother had chosen for her, a combination of her two sisters' names. They had died in childhood, and one of Mrs. Hartless's few decisions was that Irene should always be addressed—in writing, at least—by all three names. The child detested them and compromised by signing herself with initials only.

"And what does that spell, my dear?" her French teacher asked her.

"I. M. P.—imp!" Irene shot back at her, and the other girls, laughing, baptized her then and there. "Imp Hartless" she became for the rest of her school life. If she seemed bent on living up to her title, as some critics suggested, it was straightforward impishness, after all, and never meanness. Irene's heart was as warm as her will was strong, and the one could always be appealed to, when the other went too far.

Jerry Hartless was as good as his word and never interfered with his daughter's training, with the result that his few preferences were searched out by Aunt Ida and carefully observed. One of them, to be sure, she regretted, but she followed it honorably to the Imp's intense disgust.

Her father's first definite prejudice became known when he received Aunt Ida's first letter, after they had settled in the country house he had stayed only long enough to go over hastily with them.

"Irene has been doing an amusing thing," Aunt Ida wrote. "Do you remember that old, tumbledown summer house behind the tennis court? It hasn't been used for years, I am sure, and yet it must have been pretty once. Irene has dragged some brooms and pails down there, and swept and mopped it up quite thoroughly. Then she got hold of a hammer and nails, and mended quite a few broken places, washed the windows, rigged up some covers for the old cushions, begged an old rug from the gardener, and carried her favorite books and things down there. It is to be her private property, and I have agreed that, if she will keep it in order, she may have it."

But Mr. Hartless's answering note changed all this and brought about Irene's first quarrel with him.

"Sweeping and mopping and hammering doesn't happen to be my idea of a young lady's training," he wrote, or, more accurately, dictated to his secretary, for he rarely wrote himself. "I'd be obliged if you stopped all that sort of thing. I've sent orders to have the summer house repaired and decorated, and the gardener's wife can keep it clean. Please be sure that this is carried out."

And when Irene came home from school for her next week-end visit, she found a freshly painted, gay little summer house, all Chinese rugs and hangings, with a complete porcelain tea service, crisp Venetian blinds in the windows, and the gardener's daughter in a frilled apron to wait on her and her friends.

The guests were delighted, but Imp's brows drew together. "I liked it the way I had it," she said briefly. "I don't care for it now. We'll go up to the house and have tea with Aunt."

She never entered the summer house again. At that time she was too young to attempt an argument with her aunt, or perhaps she feared an appeal to her feelings, for Aunt Ida had carefully explained that the new summer house was her father's wish.

But a few years later, when Jeremiah had come home for a brief visit—alone, for his wife had died the year Irene and Aunt Ida had moved into Hartslea—the two Hartless

willis met head-on, and a heavy collision was the result.

Irene had a fit of drawing and modelling, and, as neither her bedroom nor the charming sitting room next it seemed suitable for her casts and charcoal sketches and collections of fruits and vegetables for copying, Aunt Ida suggested converting a large unused space on the top floor into a temporary studio.

"I'll have a look up there," Imp replied, and, during the Easter vacation, she and a favorite boy friend, 'Gustus Brathwayte—whose architect father had made the alterations on the house and planned its many new features—went to work in the attic, from which shouted consultations, occasional strong disagreements, and continual rollings and bumpings resounded for two or three days. Aunt Ida was fond of Augustus, who had been one of Irene's best friends since his father brought him out to the country place on his first architect's visit. The boy had often stayed for weeks there, and now, as a freshman at Harvard, he felt very much at home in the great house where he had trotted around after his father, when Irene—not yet the Imp—had been a little girl, as new as he to the beautiful grounds and out-buildings.

All might have been well, had Mr. Hartless been shown the attic studio complete, with the young sculptress in her gay smock, patting and shaping the modelling wax and clay—but unfortunately it didn't happen like that. On returning from a Western trip and asking for his daughter, he was told by a smiling housemaid that Miss Irene and Mr. 'Gustus were "working in the attic," and he plunged up the bare, winding stairs with cold displeasure.

Imp and 'Gustus, scorning the big square hall of Aunt Ida's selection, had delightedly chosen a long, low, dormered extension, where the ceiling ran down to a point. The walls had been left in the original boards, which were now well covered with casts and sketches in all stages of finish. Discarded veranda furniture supplied all necessities, and a laundry table, wheeled by 'Gustus from the powers below stairs, held the artist's equipment. They had stained the floor and, as Mr. Hartless entered, Irene, in soiled, spattered shorts, splashed sneakers, and a torn, smudged sweater, was vigorously waxing the surface, while 'Gustus, equally disreputable—his face smeared with clay, his shirt streaked with dust and walnut stain—balanced dangerously on a plank laid across two high trestles, and attempted to dust the rafters with a mop spliced to a fishing rod.

A pail with soap and sponge stood under one latticed window, and, as Mr. Hartless stood staring, Irene, resting on her weighted brush, called briskly, "Get a move on, will you, 'Gustus? I see what you're playing for—you've got it all figured out that I'm the one to wash those tricky little diamond panes! But no, you don't—I stained the whole floor and wiped down the walls."

Standing unobserved in the doorway, Jeremiah Hartless regarded the scene with growing displeasure. A glint came into his eye. "Oh, of course, you did it all—naturally," drawled 'Gustus, balancing on the plank, all unconscious of Mr. Hartless's presence. "Who lugged all that furniture and trained the ivy over the window, I'd like to know?"

"Who? Why, I did—fifty per cent of it, anyway," replied Irene. "And dusted the chairs. I'll have to pinch some kind of a rug somewhere . . . Oh, hello, Daddy! Where'd you drop from?"

(To be continued.)



*What girl wouldn't like to have*

# SOMETHING NEW

*particularly if it could be contrived*

## FROM SOMETHING OLD!

By  
**ELIZABETH  
ANTHONY**

IN EVERY girl's wardrobe there's a favorite dress, one she wears and wears until the time comes when she must give it up—not because it is worn, but because it just isn't *chic* any more. What is it about that dress that has such a hold on one? I think we would all say, "I feel like myself in it. It just suits me. The color is right, and the fabric, too."

But just as the wind changes, so does style. So that something has to be done about that dress if you are to keep on wearing it—and that something is restyling. Seriously, that's the smart thing to do. Restyling gives an opportunity to test one's creative ability; and do you know that more than one successful career in the field of fashions started that way? It's a thought, if you like to work with fabrics.

To begin with, one must know the important, outstanding features of to-day's styles—those which are lacking in your old clothes. These you will quickly recognize in leading fashion magazines.

A good plan is to hang up the dress, or dresses, which are to be restyled, before you; then, spread out your fashion magazines with designs you like, and analyze the possibilities. Where is the most material in your old garment, and how can it be distributed and cut to the best advantage for the new design? Now that we can take more liberties with color combinations, where is it advisable to add new material, or combine two different fabrics? It may not be possible, always, to make a new dress from an old one, but usually you can make a blouse out of an old dress, or combine two old dresses to make one attractive new one.

You may feel a little sentimental about your first "formal"—but, if it is out of style now, you'd get a lot more pleasure out of it if you made it into a smart tunic blouse to wear with an extra skirt; or you might give it a new lease on life by adding a new waist, a separate jacket, or bolero.

When you have made up your mind about the changes you are going to make in the dress, it is time to start ripping. Do this as carefully as possible. That reminds me, did

you ever see, or use, a gadget called the Material Gripper? I have heard it called the third hand—and rightly so, for it serves the same purpose. And then, there is the seam ripper which snips the tightest stitches without

stretching or injuring the fabric. After the sections are ripped apart, they should be pressed. Materials new or old should be kept perfectly smooth. Remember, also, that there is a difference in pressing and ironing. Pressing is the placing of the iron on the fabric, lifting it and placing it again; ironing is the pushing of the iron back and forth with the grain of the material.

The design shown here is new. New because of the short, puff sleeves, back fullness, and yoke. It is not only youthful, but it leans toward sophistication. I saw this dress made up—not from new material, but from a dress that couldn't be worn the third spring. The only cost was for a quarter of a yard of handkerchief linen and a spool of thread. The old dress had a jacket of the same material, from which the sleeves, yoke, and collar of the new dress were cut. As the skirts are

somewhat shorter now, the old one was raised a bit at the waistline. The front fullness was turned to the back. A little recutting was necessary at the waist and hip line. The plain waist of the old dress was recut, using the widest part to obtain the shirring at the yoke joining; the quarter yard of linen was used to make the detachable collar. Your dated, dark sheer dress would look charming combined with

all-over lace for the yoke.

The young woman who did this bit of restyling was very proud of her achievement. In fact, I believe she bragged a bit. Certainly, she had a right to. Who doesn't delight in the satisfaction of making something worth while from the seemingly useless?

Pattern No. 9104 comes in sizes 12 to 18 and 36 to 42. The price is twenty-five cents (25¢). Orders for this pattern may be sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. State size.



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# ZAPOTEC WEDDING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

and gesticulate. And Diego himself shouted fiercely, "Then I'll marry her without your consent! I'm going to carry her off with me this minute!"

He tried to push past Don Julio into the house. But the latter reached inside the door, and an instant later was brandishing a deadly looking *machete*—one of those yard-long knives that the Indians use for cutting their way through the jungle.

"Get out of here!" he shouted. "If you ever look at my daughter again, I'll cut your throat!"

Diego hesitated. He was unarmed. His friends pulled him away. They went down the steps, muttering, shaking their fists, and Don Julio shouted insults at their retreating backs, and waved the *machete* ferociously.

My husband was industriously grinding away at the camera. But I held my breath. It seemed to me that a murder had been narrowly averted. As for poor little Lucita, she was leaning against the wall of the house, crying bitterly.

"Well," I said mournfully, "the carrying off fizzled, didn't it? I suppose there won't be any wedding now."

My hostess only laughed.

"You'll see." She turned to my husband. "Come on, John. The camera will have to be moved!"

Ruth and Horace showed John where to set up the camera. It was focused on a path that went past the *hacienda* gates and circled an out-of-door shrine, dominated by a huge wooden cross.

It was not long until we saw Lucita coming from her home, carrying a big painted gourd bowl filled with flowers. She was a lovely, colorful figure in her red blouse and pale lavender skirt, its pleated ruffles blowing in the wind.

She paused by the shrine and began to distribute her flowers at the foot of the cross. But it was obvious that something else was on her mind. She kept glancing about, nervously, as if in search of something—or somebody.

Suddenly, we heard a furious clattering of hoofs. And, from around the corner of the wall, came a dashing mounted horseman. It was Diego, followed on foot by his friends, all of them whooping with excitement.

Did Lucita draw back in alarm? She did not! She dropped the gourd bowl, and ran towards the galloping horse. Diego swung himself down from the saddle and caught her up in his arms. He tried to toss her up on the pommel with one swift motion. But her skirts were entirely too voluminous. It took the combined efforts of the group to hoist her aboard the restive steed.

There certainly was nothing secret about the proceedings. From the thatched huts, men, women, and children were watching, shouting advice and admonitions.

Then someone cried out, "*Cuidado! Ya viene Don Julio!*" (Be careful, here comes Don Julio!)

Sure enough, there he came, running along the dirt street, brandishing his *machete*. He was yelling incoherent, breathless threats.

The noise increased to a bedlam. "Hurry! Get up on the horse!"

"Don't be so slow, *hombres!*"

"Hurry, Lucita—your papa comes!"

Papa was indeed coming. It looked as if the eloping lovers would be stopped before

they could start. But, with desperation born of necessity, Diego gave his beloved a final heave, and succeeded in throwing her across the pommel like a sack of wheat. She clung wildly, her skirts blowing like sails, her black braids whipping about her small, terrified face.

Diego was in the saddle. And not an instant too soon, for the roaring, raging Don Julio was upon them. But the restive horse sprang clear. He went galloping down the path towards the hills with his sprawling bumping cargo.

Don Julio stood quite still—and, we later remembered, in full view of the grinding camera. He glared after the disappearing lovers for a long moment, then shrugged his shoulders with an eloquent gesture that said, "Well, I've done all I could do!"

It was hard to believe that all of this was deliberately staged; that it was a traditional Zapotec betrothal custom. But so it has been for hundreds of years. If the bride isn't carried off, she can't be worth much to her future husband; and if her father permits it without making a fuss, then he doesn't like her very well, either.

For the next two days we heard nothing as to the whereabouts of Lucita and Diego. Then one of his friends returned the horse, (furnished through the courtesy of Hacienda Chivela), and said that Lucita was with Diego's aunt in a small nearby town. We all went over to see her, taking the camera with us.

Sure enough, there she was, very capably chaperoned by a large lady and many small cousins of various ages. Diego was only allowed to speak to her through the bars of the window. Even when he brought her the wedding veil he had rented for the occasion, he had to hand it through the window to her, his aunt watching carefully to see that all the proprieties were observed.

THE next day, Don Julio showed up. He was still angry with Diego, but this time for a different reason. The idea of running away with his daughter like that—and on a strange horse! Now he demanded that the young man marry her! Diego replied meekly that he would. There was a great deal of family discussion. Where the two were to live, what the amount of Lucita's dowry should be, how much work Diego would do for his father-in-law in payment for the bride, and, most important of all, where the wedding *fiesta* should be held.

Ruth and Horace settled the latter question by offering the hospitality of the big *hacienda* grounds for the *fiesta*. Don Julio, not to be outdone in munificence, declared that he would hire a band for the church wedding!

The conference ended on a note of great good will, with the portly Don Julio clasping young Diego to his bosom, and pounding him heartily on the back after the voluble Latin American custom.

Diego then brought Lucita her first betrothal present—one of the huge, beautifully painted gourd bowls the Zapotec Indian women use for carrying flowers, vegetables, or laundry. Such a gift corresponds to an engagement ring.

We congratulated the prospective bride and groom, and I asked Lucita what I could give her for a wedding gift. She looked at me with shining brown eyes.

"Oh, Señora—a pair of American shoes!"

The marriage ceremony was carried out on a scale that probably set a new high for magnificence on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. It took place in the Catholic church in the little town of Juchitan. Lucita wore a white blouse and flounced skirt, a rented veil with artificial orange blossoms; she carried a bouquet of tube roses—and wore, on her stockingless feet, a pair of shiny black patent leather slippers, the first she had ever owned. Diego wore a purple silk handkerchief around his neck—John's gift to the groom—and also carried a bouquet.

WE walked in solemn procession through the hot, dusty streets. First the band, fourteen barefooted natives who had learned their music from American phonograph records. Their playing was lusty, and if there were occasional sour notes, nobody minded. The tune they were playing was, believe it or not,—"St. Louis Blues!"

Behind the band came Diego and Lucita in their bridal finery, followed by a large group of relatives. The procession was flanked at all points by shouting, staring children, barking dogs, and an assortment of terrified pigs, ducks, and chickens.

Arrived at the church, cool and dim after the terrific sunshine outside, everyone went in but the band. The musical aggregation remained outside, and, during the whole ceremony, continued to play loud and discordant music. "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Yankee Doodle," and "Dear Little Mother of Mine."

We left the bridal party, and returned with the Corbins to Chivela. There were so many things to be done before the guests arrived for the *fiesta*. It was necessary to supervise the excited servant girls in the kitchen, who were more interested in the dresses they were going to wear to the *fiesta*, than in the preparation of food.

Piles of *tortillas* were baked—thin cakes made of corn meal; *garnachas*, (little patties filled with chopped venison); and whole pigs were started roasting in the barbecue pit. Bottles of soda pop were provided for the women, and the men were to have *mescal*, a native liquor.

We hastily made *piñatas*. These are pottery jars filled with candies, nuts, and pennies, and covered with colored crepe paper. Then we hung them from branches of the huge wild fig tree in the middle of the *hacienda* yard.

The musicians arrived with a *marimba*, seven men and one very small boy, so short that he had to stand on a box to wield the rubber tipped hammers. The players were barefooted Indians from the hills, and we were glad that they had not heard any American phonograph records. They played the beautiful Mexican folk songs, and some of the Zapotec tribal melodies.

A *marimba*, as you probably know, is an instrument made of thin metal bars placed over long hollow tubes. It is played with rubber tipped mallets, and each man has a definite section. The resulting tone is soft and harmonious, with a deep buzzing quality underneath.

Late in the afternoon, the guests began to arrive. They came from far-away Indian villages, and from the more sophisticated towns along the railroad. (Continued on page 48)



# Lough and Grow Scout

## Unsuitable

**ANGRY GUIDE:** Why didn't you shoot that tiger?

**TIMID HUNTER:** He—he didn't have the right kind of expression for a rug.  
—Sent by **MARIETTA DUNKER, Toledo, Ohio.**

## Last Straw

A Frenchman, visiting in London, was having the usual struggles with English spelling and pronunciation. Through, though, threw, and rough he found particularly baffling. Strolling down the Strand one evening, he came upon a sign above a theater, "Cavalcade — Pronounced Success."

"That is the worst!" cried the Frenchman, in his own tongue. "Never again will I attempt to learn so foolish a language."—Sent by **JOY PEACHER, Syracuse, N. Y.**

## Wise Crack



A man, on entering a street car, found all the seats occupied, so he had to stand. All at once the car jerked and he fell into another man's lap.

The second man shouted, "Get off me, you big Swede!" Whereupon the other retorted, "I'm no Swede. I'm a Laplander."—Sent by **JANET BRUECHERT, Manitowoc, Wisconsin.**

## Not a New!

"I've just returned from photographing big game in Africa."

"Well, well, any gnus?"—Sent by **JOYCE CLARK, Warrensville, Ohio.**

## The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



## Occult

**ATTENDANT:** Do you wish to consult Fahmir Ashagad Dhu, the great Indian soothsayer?

**WOMAN:** Faith, yes, colleen! Tell 'im his mayther's here from Dublin.—Sent by **CAROL JEAN HOIDSTON, Grand Forks, North Dakota.**

Send **THE AMERICAN GIRL** your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

## Hibernian

**IRISHMAN:** Sure, an' Oi'm glad Oi don't loike spinach, for, if Oi did, Oi'd be after eatin' it—and Oi hate the stuff.—Sent by **EL-EANOR WARD, Riverside, California.**

## In Court

An old German was being cross-examined on the witness stand as to the position of a door, a window, and the general interior arrangements of a house which figured in a sensational trial. "And now, sir," said the lawyer, "describe to the jury just how the stairs run in that house."

The old man looked dazed for a minute before replying. Then he said, "Vell, ven I am oopstairs, dey run down; and ven I am downstairs, dey run oop."—Sent by **MIRIAM ROGERS, Wolf Point, Montana.**

## Page Emily Post

**CHIEF GLUB-GLUB:** What is it, Oompah?  
**CANNIBAL COOK:** Should Mrs. Smyth be served before or after the salad, master?—Sent by **FANNY PEASE, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

## In Reverse



"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer, near the mud flats of the Harlem River. "Queek! Bringa da shov'! Giovanni, he stuck in da mud."  
"How far in?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Up to his knees."  
"Well, let him walk out!"  
"He no canna walk! He wronga end up!"  
—Sent by **ROSEMARY CONE, Salamanca, N. Y.**

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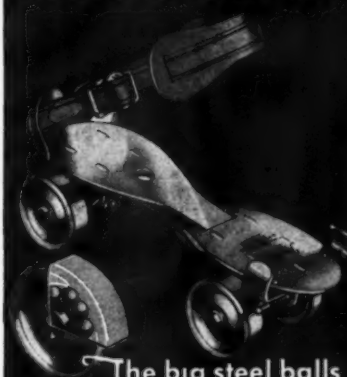
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# ZAPOTEC WEDDING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

All the women and girls were in their most colorful finery; their hair was braided with ribbons, they wore gold jewelry, but only a very few of them wore shoes.

We saw, for the first time, the gorgeous and curious headdress, affected only by the women of Tehuantepec. It is made of lace, stiffly starched and banded with colored ribbon. Take it, hold it up in your hands, and it looks exactly like a baby's lace dress, with neck hole, and sleeves. The origin of it is a very strange one. It is said that, over two hundred years ago, a British vessel was wrecked in the Gulf of Tehuantepec, and a dead baby, wearing an elaborate lace dress, was washed ashore.

The Zapotec women were fascinated by the garment. And they adapted it—sleeves and all—as a headdress. So now, when worn in "fiesta style," the wide flounces drape picturesquely over the head and shoulders. But when the wearer goes to church, the face comes through the neck hole, and the small useless sleeves hang queerly down in front and back.

By five o'clock, the big yard of the *bacienda* looked as if a rainbow had fallen down into it. The girls and married women, in their elaborately embroidered dresses, all sat demurely; the men, in spotless white shirts and trousers, kept to the opposite end of the courtyard. The little brown children, in costumes that were replicas of those their parents wore, ran about excitedly, gazing longingly upward at the *piñatas* hanging from the branches of the wild fig tree.

We finally assembled all the youngsters, and one of the bigger boys was blindfolded, and given a long stick. He then went fumblingly towards where he thought one of the jars was hanging, and made a wild swing in its general direction. He missed.

"Uno!" (One) shouted the children excitedly.

He tried again, and almost swung himself off his feet. The onlookers roared at his discomfiture.

"Dos!" (Two)

"Tres!" (Three)

But the third time—the last one he was permitted—the stick crashed against one of the jars. It broke open, and a glittering rain of tinsel wrapped candies and pennies descended. The children shrieked with joy, and flung themselves on the ground in a mad scramble to get as many of the sweets and the coins as they could.

The *marimba* music was drowned out by laughter and shouts. Food and drinks began to circulate. And, at last, Diego and Lucita arrived with their parents, to be welcomed by a chorus of "Viva!"

The children were drawn back from the open space. The brown-faced men rose solemnly, made their way across to the rainbow line of damsels, and the dancing commenced.

At first a few couples, influenced by the American movies they had seen in Juchitan and other railroad towns, danced a slow fox trot to the throbbing of the *marimba*. But, as the dusk deepened and the tropical stars began to shine like little lamps in the sky, the music grew wilder. (Continued on page 50)

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# TREASURE OF CASTLE SONNENBERG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

But the cat would not come up. Crouched in a corner, he howled loudly for someone to please come down and get him.

"He never did like ladders," said Gretchen, excusing his actions.

"Silly creature," scolded Gisela, but she made ready to descend while Gretchen held the top of the ladder steady. If Siegfried did not like ladders, neither did she like dungeons. However, there was nothing else to do.

She liked dungeons less when a sharp stone scraped her elbow. However, there were no scurrying mice in the dungeon now. Of that she could be certain. And the disagreeable smell which the girls had noticed the other day by this time had sifted out. Except for the darkness it really wasn't so bad.

"*Phurr*," went Siegfried, rubbing against her shoe as she stepped off the bottom round of the ladder.

Gisela picked him up and put him under her arm. "You *should* purr," she said, laughing in spite of herself, as she began to climb back. She remembered the sharp stone and felt carefully for it, in order to avoid bruising herself again. One damaged elbow was enough. Sure enough, there it was. Even as her fingers closed around it, the stone loosened and fell with a clatter to the floor beneath.

That must have been a big stone, thought the girl, glad that Siegfried was safe under her arm. It might be as well to see that there were no other loose ones beside it before she went on. Out went her fingers, and suddenly she caught her breath.

"What is it?" asked Gretchen anxiously, bending over the opening.

"I don't know," returned Gisela, excitement in her tone. "Wait, you must take Siegfried," and she hurried to the top of the ladder, thrusting the cat into Gretchen's arms.

Back she went, down the ladder. Had she been mistaken? It had seemed like—but she must be certain, before she said anything.

Back went her hand into the hole which the fallen stone had made. And then she shouted, "Gretchen, Gretchen, I have it! It is in a box!"

Gretchen's head appeared at the opening. "Do you mean—the treasure?" she breathed.

Gisela nodded.

It was a box, a box of iron, not much larger than a good-sized book. Gisela drew it out, and, holding it carefully, she went up the rungs of the ladder again.

Cobwebs were across her face. There was a long black streak of dirt on her forehead where she had leaned it against the wall to help balance herself. But there, in one hand, was the box, looking old enough, as Gretchen said, to have come from the time of the Crusades.

But the box was locked—tightly locked. They would have to wait until Heinrich came home to open it.

The girls could hardly wait for their brother's return, but Heinrich only laughed shortly when he had taken out the contents of the little iron box which Gisela had found in the dungeon of the Castle of Sonnenberg. Gisela herself was sick with disappointment when she saw what it contained, and Gretchen turned away to hide the tears. Siegfried was the only one that seemed happy over the box.

He not only purred loudly and rubbed his back against the shoes of the two girls and Heinrich in turn, but he rolled over three times in succession.

The only thing that the box held was a piece of yellowed parchment. And that parchment wasn't, as the three had first hoped, a map which would explain the location of a treasure. It was only a list of herbs, a list written in old German script, with various numbers following each name, and beside each name a carefully drawn picture of the herb itself.

"So ends the story of the ancient treasure of the Castle Sonnenberg," muttered Heinrich, throwing the parchment down on the table. "Someone in the old days must have been very fond of plants."

He was bitterly disappointed—for when he saw the box he had dared to hope that, in some fashion, it would change the future which seemed dreary enough.

AFTER her brother had gone, Gisela picked up the parchment. She could not read all the old words, some were too obliterated for that, but curiously the numbers and the pictures beside them were quite clear. Perhaps they had been added at a later time. It seemed strange that anyone had thought this list worth hiding away in the castle dungeon behind a stone, in a niche which, apparently, had been carefully prepared for it. It must have been someone who had loved plants as much as she loved those in the Fragrant Meadow. Gisela bent closer to the parchment. Why, she recognized this picture! It was a plant that grew in the middle of that meadow, and the next one grew in a corner by a big grey stone. She had often watched for its blue flowers in the spring.

One after another she identified the pictures before her. They were plants which she knew, though she had never learned their names. The pictures suddenly seemed like old friends.

Only two plants eluded her—she couldn't remember ever seeing those two.

All day long she thought about the list. Finally she called Gretchen and showed her the pictures again. The two of them went, the parchment in their hands, to the Fragrant Meadow and searched for the different plants. At last they had a handful of them—all the kinds save two. Those two they could not find.

They carried the herbs into the house and put them in a blue glass on the table, though they were not all flowering plants.

"It seems nice, somehow," said Gisela, "to have gathered together these plants which some one, so long ago, must have loved so much that he made pictures and a list of them. And they have a lovely fragrance—it is like bringing the meadow inside. I do wish we could find the other two, though. It seems as though finding them might please whoever made that parchment and hid it so carefully."

Gretchen agreed, though she could not exactly comprehend Gisela's feelings in the matter.

After that, began a second hunt in the girls' spare time—a hunt for the missing plants on the old parchment list. Even Heinrich grew interested, perhaps because it gave him something to think about outside the problem of producing enough money to pro-

vide for the family during the coming winter.

As he worked in the neighbor's fields, and as he went back and forth from his work, he kept watching for a certain five-leaved plant with a strange, pointed fruit, and a dainty one with long, fern-like leaves, still missing from the girls' collection.

Gretchen and Gisela had carefully pressed one each of the plants listed and these were kept in a book, put away with the parchment. For sentiment's sake, fresh plants were brought every day from the meadow and put in the blue glass in the middle of the table. The bouquet filled the room with fragrance, though the plants were not particularly attractive to look at.

One night Heinrich came home with his eyes sparkling. He had found the five-leaved plant with the pointed fruit. It was growing right beside the road, he said, but so close to the ground that he had never noticed it. The family had a celebration over it, adding it to the others in the blue glass, and nothing would do but that Heinrich must bring home some of the roots and plant them in the Fragrant Meadow.

Weeks later, Gisela found the last plant of all. And, strangely enough, she found it right in the Fragrant Meadow. And, though she knew that meadow well—every inch, she said—she never remembered seeing this special plant there before. Of course it must have been there, Gretchen declared, and her sister had just not seen it.

"It is so lovely, though, Gretchen," said Gisela, laying the thin ferny leaves across her apron. "I don't see how I could have missed it, if it had been there. No, it grew suddenly, grew this year after we found the list, I am sure."

Gretchen hugged her. "Maybe it did," she said, "just because we wanted so much to add it to the pressed collection and to the bouquets in the blue glass."

Their mother only smiled when the girls told of the miracle. She thought of the miracle of seeds dropped by birds, of seeds blown by the wind.

It was Granny Huber who gave them the first clue to the real treasure. She was very old, so old that she herself said she had no idea how long she had lived. Some people in the valley said it must have been over a hundred years. In spite of her age, however, Granny Huber, every summer, climbed slowly up to Castle Sonnenberg to look out over the valley. It helped her live through the next year, she declared, and she had always done it since she was a child.

This year Gisela and Gretchen saw her coming and hurried to meet her—for she would rest for a time in their house by the archway. Their mother was always glad to see her.

Granny Huber was like a little bird, Gisela thought, watching her sharp black eyes, her quick way of turning her head, and listening to her little cheeping words. And to-day she was barely inside the house before she sniffed, curiously at first, and then anxiously—and finally delightedly—as though she smelled something very delicious in the air.

Gretchen's eyes twinkled at Gisela. They seemed to say, "Someone else with a keen nose!"

"What is that smell?" cheeped Granny Huber, bending her head and glancing with her sharp, near-sighted eyes this way and that.

"Oh, it comes from the plants of the Fragrant Meadow," said Gisela, reaching for the blue glass. "That is, all but one, and Heinrich found that by the wayside, but we have planted it in the meadow, too."

"Yes, yes," sighed Granny happily, burying her nose in the greenness, "I remember. I had hardly expected to get that smell again before I die."

"Where did you know it before?" asked the girls' mother politely.

"Where, of course, but in this very room!" replied the old lady sharply. "It is the aroma before the tea is made, the tea of Castle Sonnenberg!"

The girls' mother and Gretchen looked bewildered, but Gisela bent forward. "You mean, people used to make a tea from these plants?" she asked.

"A tea!" nodded the old lady, looking more like a bird than ever. "Yes, yes, and a good tea it was. It would make me feel twenty years younger if I had some this minute. Why, I haven't had any for years and years. I had forgotten all about it, until that smell brought it back. It was so good." Suddenly she smiled. "Let's have some," she said happily.

"We would," said the girls' mother, humoring her guest, "if we knew how to make it."

"Oh, I wonder—" cried Gisela, jumping up. "You remember the numbers after the names on the parchment. I wonder if that meant the number of plants for the tea?"

"Of course," nodded the old woman, though she knew nothing at all about the parchment. She only knew that the fragrance reminded her of the tea she had drunk so many years ago, years without number, way back—perhaps in her childhood. She did want some of that tea now. She wanted it more than anything else in the world.

Gisela brought out the parchment and the girls bent over it. Soon, with their aprons serving as bags, they were out in the Fragrant Meadow. Fortunately the plants Heinrich had brought from the roadside were now thriving, so everything listed on the parchment was there. Carefully Gisela and Gretchen gathered the herbs, so many of this plant, so many of that.

When the tea was brewing, it did smell delicious. The old lady could hardly wait. She kept clapping her hands together and laughing like a child. Siegfried, attracted by the movement, jumped on her lap, tried to catch her flying fingers with his paws, then

purred and went to sleep. The fragrance from the bubbling herbs seemed to swirl out of the windows and door, and along the path to the castle.

"When the tea is done it will be clear and golden, I remember," said the old lady. "Golden and clear."

But the brew did not turn clear and golden at all. It remained a sort of clouded brown.

"Taste this, and see if it is right," said Gisela finally, presenting a cupful to her guest.

Granny Huber drank, and sighed. "Not just the same," she said, shaking her head and handing it back. "A little like, but not the same." Then she went to sleep, mumbling under her breath.

Heinrich laughed when he came in and was told of the experiment. "Imagine keeping a receipt for herb tea in an iron box!" he said. "That is funny."

His laughter and words woke the old lady. "No, no," she said, shaking a scrawny finger at him, "it is not funny at all. Why, people came from far and wide to drink the herb tea brewed in the water of the spring. There was nothing like it known in all the valley of the Rhine, and, in those days, people lived longer and were happier because of the herb tea of the Castle Sonnenberg."

Gisela's face, which had been downcast, suddenly flamed into brightness. "I know, I know the secret of the parchment now," she cried excitedly. "It is a recipe for brewing tea with the water of the mineral spring. It makes all the old stories clear: the treasure of the castle—that was the secret of the tea, of course—and that is why the receipt was hidden so carefully; and the story of how people came from far and near to drink the water from the mineral spring—the water was used in making the tea; and you know the great doctor told us, not so long ago, that the water was very good for people and would be popular if it did not have such a terrible taste."

Everyone was excited. Heinrich took two great buckets and went through the dusk to the spring. Gisela and Gretchen ran to the Fragrant Meadow and gathered the herbs again, hurrying, for it was getting dark and the moon was shining over them.

"And in the old days," cried Gisela happily, as she put the last plant in her apron, "in the old days, even as now, all these herbs must have grown in the Fragrant Meadow. You know I always said it seemed to have a different smell from that of any other place."

"I know," giggled Gretchen. "We shall

probably have to smell every other field in Germany, though, to prove that you are right."

It was dark when the tea made with the water of the mineral spring was brewed. And the old lady was sleeping, with Siegfried curled at her feet.

Gisela kept testing the color of the tea against the lighted lamp. It was different in every way from the tea of the afternoon. The cloudiness, because of some chemical change, had disappeared, and finally the liquid in the glass looked bright and clear. "Like sunshine," Gretchen said.

Anxiously Gisela wakened Granny Huber. "Taste this, please," she said.

The old lady looked bewildered, for she had forgotten where she was. She had forgotten about her memories of the afternoon. But she put the glass to her lips, tasted, and drank deep. "Ah, my dear," she said, giving it back, "ah, the old tea of the Castle Sonnenberg, the best brew in all the valley of the Rhine! People come from far and near to drink it." And she went back to sleep, smiling happily.

"The best brew in all the valley of the Rhine," repeated Gisela.

"Shall we call it 'Sunshine of the Castle Sonnenberg'?" laughed Gretchen. "Oh," she cried suddenly, "look at Siegfried!" The cat was lapping up some tea spilled on the floor.

Gisela laughed. "Let's call it '*Rheingold*,'" she said, "for Siegfried discovered it."

And, in time, tea made from that ancient receipt provided gold for the little family by the castle archway. Doctors approved of it, and tourists came from far and near to drink the brew, in the shade of the tall arbor. The mother of Gisela, Gretchen, and Heinrich brewed the tea in the cottage, its fragrance swirling upward towards the castle; her daughters served the tea-drinkers, their white aprons worn over flowered dresses made in the old peasant way, and their long braids of hair looking very pretty hanging down on either side of their heads; and their brother presided at the money drawer, with the anxious look gone from his face.

So the treasure of the Castle Sonnenberg, the *Rheingold* tea, was given back once more to the valley. Even Siegfried took a sip of it occasionally from his saucer—though he preferred milk—and every evening Gisela and Gretchen carried some down into the valley to Granny Huber. She always smacked her lips when she saw the girls coming.

## ZAPOTEC WEDDING

The couples broke apart, and commenced the traditional dance of southern Mexico, the "Son." (Pronounced "Sone.") The men faced their partners, hands behind their backs, and the girls spread out their full, white flounced skirts. They moved forward and back in time to the rhythm of the "Zandunga." Now advancing, now circling each other, now walking side by side, now whirling and turning. It was like watching the brilliant bits of glass in a kaleidoscope.

Paper lanterns had been lighted and hung in the branches of the wild fig tree, where they glowed like mammoth jewels. It was a scene so beautiful and unreal that it was almost impossible to realize it was not part of a play in a theater.

We danced with the others until long after midnight. And, even after we retired, we heard the steady throb, throb, of the *marimba*

music. We awoke in the morning to the brassier strains of the barefooted band from Juchitan. They had arrived to take their turn at keeping the *fiesta* going!

So the party continued, for three days and nights. The guests came and went. So that, although the same people were not always present, the crowd was as large as it was at first.

Diego and Lucita were much in evidence, Lucita dancing in her new shoes, which, she confided to me, hurt her feet, but were wonderful, nevertheless.

Not all of the *fiesta* was occupied by eating, drinking, and dancing. During the daytime, Diego's men friends helped him build a typical Zapotec house, with upright poles stuck in the ground, interwoven with branches and then rudely plastered, and with plenty of palm thatching to make the peaked roof.

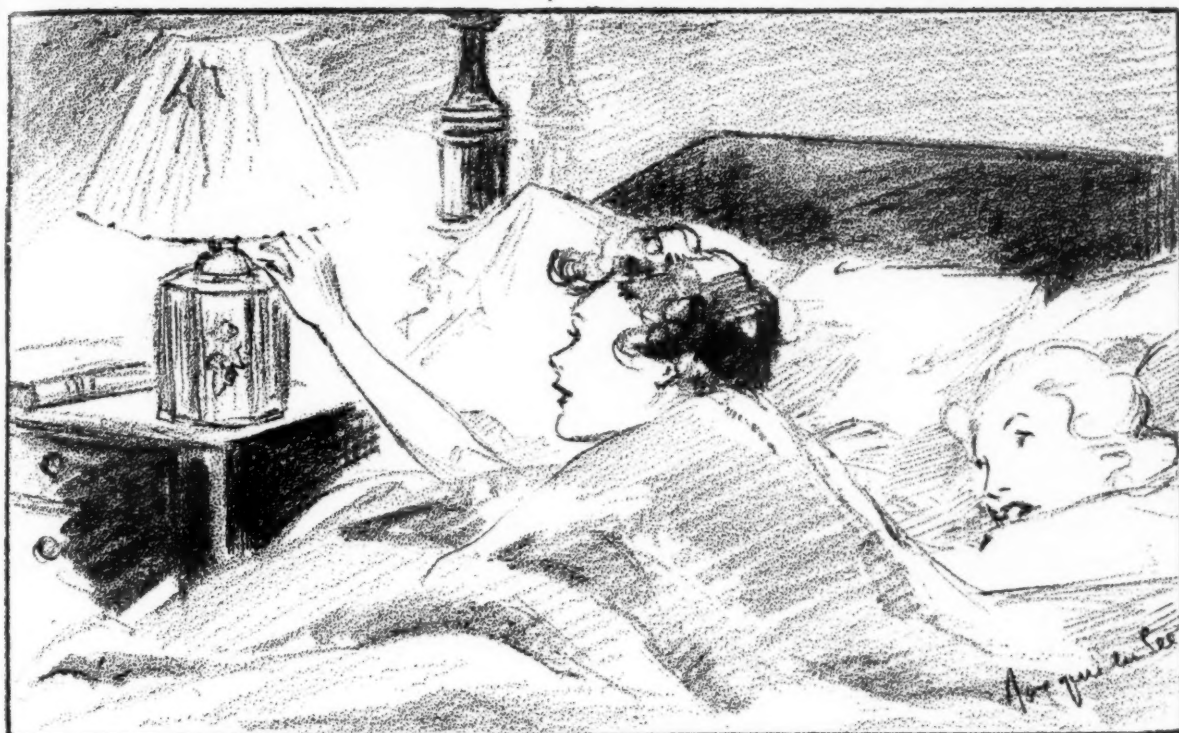
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

It was a primitive abode with an earthen floor, and no modern conveniences as we know them. Yet a prouder couple would have been hard to find.

Lucita welcomed us to her home on the fourth day following the wedding. The bed was a native woven hammock; the chairs were mats of palm fibre. The dresser was a painted chest. The stove was a large pottery bowl in which charcoal burned. The wall decorations included a tiny shrine with a lighted candle before it, the gorgeously painted gourd which Diego had given her, and the pair of American shoes, her wedding gift, hanging on purple ribbons!

Thus we left the bridal couple in their strange, simple home on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. And our wish for them was that, like the lovers in every romantic tale, they should "live happily ever after."





## To Cram—or Not to Cram?

TURN out the light," begged Joan, "and let's forget that old history exam until to-morrow. I'm beginning to see dates dancing on the footboard."

"Ten sixty-six," muttered Jean, rolling over, her fingers reaching for the switch, "battle of Hastings. Agincourt—now when was that?"

"Cut it out," groaned her chum. "We've crammed so hard this evening I've forgotten everything I know. And I don't believe we'll ever get to sleep."

"Nope. My ideas are all chasing each other around like squirrels in a cage."

"Maybe if we talked about something else it might soothe us," suggested Joan. "How about the March AMERICAN GIRL? That's a pleasant subject. Suppose we try that."

● "Okay. It was smooth, wasn't it, having a special issue for the twenty-fifth anniversary of Girl Scouting?"

"I thought that was a grand idea, and I was thrilled to the marrow by Mrs. Hoover's and Mrs. Edey's

articles. So friendly. If you and I hadn't been Girl Scouts ever since we were knee high to grasshoppers, I'll bet a cookie we'd be joining now."

"You said it!" agreed Jean. "We've got a lot out of Scouting, Jo. What I mean is, we've learned so many things, and we've had so much fun with the other girls."

● "It's the truth. Didn't you love the cover of the March issue? It's the new Girl Scout poster, painted by Lawrence Wilbur."

"Lovely. The girl is beautiful—such a wonderful expression."

"Did you read the Scout story, *Scallions To You?* I nearly fell off my chair laughing over it."

"Keen! I enjoyed that Chester Marsh article about Juliette Low and her handicrafts, too; and there are heaps of good things in the magazine beside the Scout stories. For instance, that peachy article by Emma-Lindsay Squier, *Easter in Saint Thomas.*"

"I read that—it was tops!" cried Joan. "Mother says Miss Squier is

a very well-known writer and that she—Mother—always enjoys Miss Squier's things in other magazines. Did you notice that the photographs were taken by her husband, John Bransby?"

"Yes, and they were gorgeous, too." Jean fell silent for a moment. "Kind of cozy in the dark, isn't it? I wonder why girls always get to talking after the lights are out. I never feel so full of conversation at any other time."

Joan yawned. "Uh, huh." Then, as the grandfather clock on the stairs struck sturdily, she sat upright. "Good gracious, Jeanie! That was twelve o'clock! Not another word out of you tonight! Roll over now and go to sleep—or we'll flunk that exam tomorrow!"

●  
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